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THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 11, 1977 Price 75 cents

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Bad Advice

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TRB

from Washington ®
June 11, 1977

Report Card

How's Jimmy Carter doing? My impression is that he's doing pretty well. We hardly knew him when we elected him, and we elected him by a slight margin. He's not turning out the way many expected, which disappoints some and pleases others. He's still surrounded by a kind of fog which makes final judgment unwise. But a lot of things are clearer than they were. Some misapprehensions have been corrected. One was that he is a stiff-necked fundamentalist who couldn't yield to opposition and would just dig in his toes. On the contrary he is now criticized for being too pliant on a number of issues and for making unnecessary compromises as on the $50 tax rebate to stimulate the economy. It is a little too early to say yet; he's been in office less than five months, but a definite style has appeared. The staff and advisers are settling down, the administration that got elected as an enemy of the Establishment is now the Establishment. The political honeymoon (which was never too ardent) is over, but the Gallup poll says the public still likes him, the figure being 66 favorable, 16 hostile and 18 percent no opinion. That's about par for a newcomer at this stage of the game. President Carter seems to be taking hold.

Foreign affairs always tempt a President because he needn't consult Congress all the time. One thing you must say about Jimmy Carter, he has plunged right in. A striking characteristic is his firm, his formidable self-confidence. His representatives have been all over the world—Africa, Asia, Middle East, Geneva, Latin America—setting forth the Carter activist foreign policy. His wife goes out as his vice president returns, and UN ambassador Andrew Young and cabinet members are all around. There is a touch of the dilettante in some of this. Mr. Carter wants to emphasize human rights, except to the dictatorships with which we are allied and to whom we sell our arms: Iran, South Korea, the Philippines. The Russians didn't understand Mr. Carter's emphasis on human rights before the SALT talks and the first session failed. Now they have been revived with less talk of ideology.

I give Carter points for proposing gradual troop withdrawal from South Korea; for slapping down Maj. Gen. John Singlaub who criticized this; for trying to find a way out of the Jewish-Palestine deadlock; for overtures to Fidel Castro; for making a last effort to prevent global plutonium proliferation by embargoing sales of sophisticated breeder reactors abroad. Jimmy Carter is a new type of president who is being appraised round the world and who seems to have handled himself well at the London Summit talks. There is a moralistic fervor about him which always threaten to get out of hand, and that caused some uncomfortable anticipations in the campaign, combined with the toothy grin and the thought of having a president called "Jimmy"; but I think he and the nation are now achieving a working relationship. And in the speech on foreign affairs the other day at Theodore Hesburgh's Notre Dame, the sincere fervor was evident; it was a "we-love-everybody" kind of speech with more reaffirmation than innovation, but its sincerity and idealism rang true. He told them, incidentally, that the United States is now cured of the "inordinate fear of communism." Good thing, if true.

It's on the domestic side that Carter's real ambiguity appears; George McGovern says he doesn't act like a liberal; the *Wall Street Journal* says he's no conservative; bewildered citizens ask what these terms mean. The problem is that nobody can define them. The issue arises over the economy. We have had the worst slump since the 1929 crash, double-digit inflation, agonizing unemployment, now it's getting better. Economists are divided, some of them want more federal stimulus, the bulk of them appear to be holding their breaths in a wait-and-see attitude.

The old maestro, Arthur Burns, chairman of the Fed, preaches magic: it's now a matter of "business confidence," he says, pulling at his pipe; it's mysterious, it's psychological; it's econometric metaphysics; if the Carter administration will just hold off and utter a few comforting runes this intangible "business confidence" will be restored. Maybe in time even the Dow Jones index will get the word.

For the layman it's terribly confusing. President Carter has given some stimu-

(continued on page 37)

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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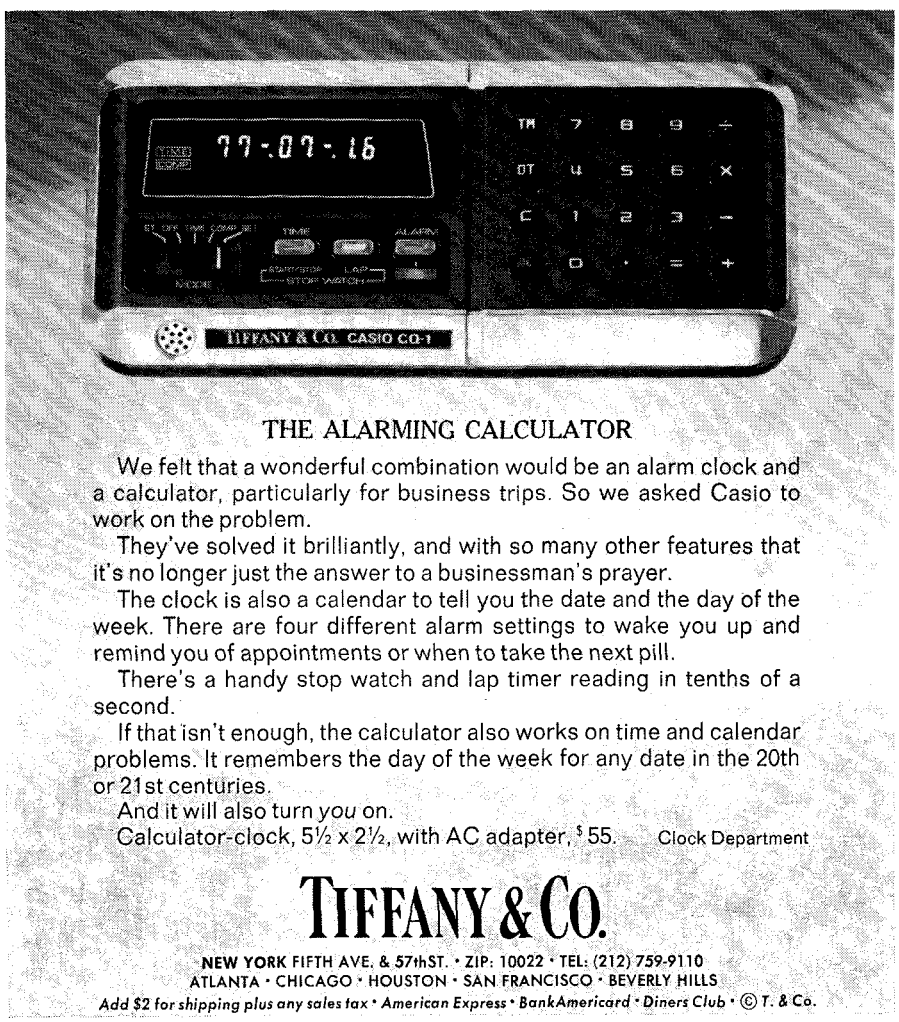

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 11, 1977

Carter's Koreanization Plan

In hardline legend, it was an American political error that started the Korean war; and now the Carter administration is being accused of heading toward another blunder and another war. One can never be precisely sure what motivates Kim Il Sung in Pyongyang, but we doubt his attack in 1950 was set off exclusively by Dean Acheson's speech to the National Press Club, and we doubt President Carter's decision to withdraw remaining ground forces from the Asian mainland by 1982 will cause Korean War II.

Acheson was accused of having inspired Communist war preparations by his speech on January 14, 1950, in which he traced America's defense perimeter in Asia from the Aleutians to the Philippines and left Korea out. "The blood of our boys in Korea is on his shoulders and no one else's," charged Senator Kenneth Wherry. But whether or not Kim Il Sung or Stalin acted on Acheson's speech, it seems improbable that North Korea would have attacked if the balance of forces between the North and the South had not been so drastically out of line. When North Korea crossed the 38th parallel on June 25, 1950, the South Korean army had no tanks and no tactical air power. It was outnumbered in ground forces and artillery, and it was caught completely by surprise.

Major General John Singlaub and his backers in Congress have reacted to President Carter's withdrawal program as though South Korea were still as bereft of resources as it was in 1950—and as though the US forces were leaving tomorrow. In fact, what Carter said he had in mind was "a very careful, very orderly withdrawal over a period of four to five years, leaving intact an adequate degree of strength in the Republic of Korea to withstand any foreseeable attack." He said, "I am making clear to the North Koreans, the Chinese [and] the Soviets that our commitment to South Korea is undeviating and staunch," and his plan calls for US intelligence and Air Force units to remain in the country after the Second Division and its support troops have withdrawn. Some 35,000 Americans will leave, but 7000 will stay.

South Korea is scarcely the weak, semi-defenseless country it was in 1950, and the Carter administration intends to use the next five years to complete a modernization process designed to upgrade its military forces still more. The South has double the North's population and five times its gross national product. There are 100,000 more men in South Korea's army than North Korea's, though the North is thought to enjoy superiority in tanks and artillery. The rugged terrain near the Demilitarized Zone favors the side defending against attacks—the South, presumably—and the United States intends to equip the South with anti-tank weapons which might eliminate the North's advantages in armor. A Congressional Budget Office analysis concluded this spring that "overall, the military balance—despite important assymetries—seems even enough to present substantial risk to North Korea that an attack could fail."

The main argument for retaining the US Second Division in Korea is not that 14,000 American combat soldiers themselves critically alter the balance of power

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on the peninsula, but that they act as a guarantee that the United States will live up to its commitments. This is called the "tripwire" theory. Were North Korea to send troops pouring across the DMZ again, American casualties in the Second Division presumably would necessitate commitment of reinforcements. The United States would find itself drawn into another land war in Asia. The Carter administration has not made much of the fact, but it seems unarguable that its basic motivation is to avoid such an involvement.

President Carter is not citing it as such, but his policy really is a reaffirmation of the Nixon Doctrine, which holds that the United States will assist its Asian allies with equipment and airpower, but expects them to wage their own ground warfare. Under the Nixon Doctrine, the Nixon administration pulled one combat division out of Korea in 1971, and former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird favored removing the other one. The Nixon administration was prevented from acting on this policy because South Korea had troops fighting in Vietnam.

The Carter administration's withdrawal policy cannot be interpreted as a sudden 'bug out' from American responsibilities, or as evidence that the new Democratic administration is punishing South Korea either for human rights violations or attempts to bribe American legislators, serious as those offenses by the Park regime have been. In fact, both the Park government and opposition leaders are unhappy with Carter's decision. The United States' 1954 mutual defense treaty with South Korea does not require the US to station troops on the Asian mainland. It does require this country to assist the South in resisting aggression, in a manner to be determined according to US constitutional processes. Nothing that the Carter administration has said or done can imply that it would leave South Korea to fend for itself in the event of danger.

There is even less legitimate cause for concern that the administration discounts Japan's security and sensibilities. Carter has done everything possible to respect Japan's rightful place as a front-rank industrial democracy. Some voices in the Japanese press and parliament have reacted in dismay to Carter's withdrawal plans. But there are no signs of moves to rearm or to become a nuclear power which would indicate that Japan entertains serious doubt about US fidelity to its commitments.

Although we support the administration's basic decision, the manner of arriving at it, announcing it and defending it leave questions unanswered. The withdrawal policy is practically identical to a position Carter advocated in his presidential campaign. There is nothing wrong with presidents keeping their promises, but widespread suspicions have arisen that this one was not subjected to thorough debate following the inauguration. Administration officials strongly deny this, and claim every relevant agency had an opportunity to voice its point of view in the preparation of Policy Review Memorandum #13, the administration's main option paper on Korea. If that is so, then the Carter White House erred politically in failing to assign General George Brown, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Philip Habib, Under Secretary of State for political affairs, the task of informing the American people about the withdrawal policy before they flew off to Korea to confer with President Park.

In effect, the President's decisions were first revealed by General Singlaub, who charged that they would lead to war. Singlaub added that the entire US high command was opposed to the withdrawals and had been consulted only on their implementation, not on their merits. Carter rightly called Singlaub home and reassigned him. Singlaub's insubordination probably would have resulted in his retirement if Carter had not been anxious to avoid creating a martyr for his opponents to lionize.

Still the administration faces a stiff fight in Congress over its decisions. The President and Defense Secretary Harold Brown have offered convincing assurances that the administration intends to honor American commitments. We agree that the policy itself is careful and prudent. But it has not been handled well since it was arrived at, and the administration now will have to depend on General Brown and other hardliners to convince its foes we are not headed for another Korean war.

Taking the Wind Out of Arms Sales

Not least among the benefits gained from Henry Kissinger's retirement is the change it has brought in US arms policy. Under Kissinger, conventional weapons sales grew by ragged leaps and bounds. In the current fiscal year, the US finds itself committed to shipping abroad roughly $10 billion worth of hardware, amounting to half the arms transactions in the world. Kissinger condoned the escalation. Worse, by refusing to inform Congress of arms deals in the early stages of negotiation, he made it impossible to question a new sale before a commitment had been made. Congressmen who tried to restrain the growth of this murderous trade often learned of new agreements too late to do anything but issue a lame protest. All this is changing.

Jimmy Carter announced on May 19 that the US will no longer seek preeminence in the weapons business. "In the future," he said, "the burden of persuasion will be on those who favor a particular sale rather than those who oppose it." Carter cemented the policy by listing six ways in which the Pentagon and State

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Correspondence

The challenge of our time

To the editors:
Your journal has served as a constant source of stimulus in our household for more years than I care to count. More than any other, I consistently read its pages for information and entertainment. Nothing you have published in several decades is, in my view, more important or more discerning than "Prometheus Rebound" (*TNR*, May 21). Its basic thesis is eminently sound; its judgments sickeningly accurate. My fervent hope is that it will be read and repeated by men and women of influence, and affect not only thought but policy. It is sickening to see a President and his coterie not recognize the challenge of our time, and even more distressing that so few have spoken out against the paralysis that has infected the national will in recent years, and the atrophy of our national faith and idealism that underlies it.

George B. Driesen
Chevy Chase, Maryland

Not the only way to fly

To the editors:
It distresses me that you embrace one of the current reigning superstitions. I refer to your remark in "Prometheus Rebound" about "energy extravagances such as the ultimate symbol of modern privilege, the private aircraft."

It is fact—not opinion—that the private aircraft moves people more conveniently, more economically, and on less fuel than the commercial airlines. According to CAB data from which seat miles per gallon (SMPG) can be calculated, the DC-10, one of the most efficient jets, comes in at 46, the 747 at 41, and the 707 at 31. The Concorde, by admission of British Airways, delivers a puny 16. In contrast, the 4-seat private aircraft averages somewhere between 70 and 75 SMPG. The 6-seat Bonanza, the Cadillac of single-engine airplanes, gets 89; this is the one the fat cats buy if they don't go to two engines. Even the non-jet multi-engine planes do better than 50. These are industry figures, but only slightly puffed.

In addition, although there are some 10,000 places in the US where the private aircraft can land, only a few hundred are served by the airlines—uninterested in an airport unless the government bears the enormous expense of staffing a control tower.

Add to this the taxi and limousine fees saved by traveling between points of one's selection, the parking fees avoided, and the hours and dollars not spent in the airport lounge waiting for a connection, and extravagance starts to make sense. Even by renting an airplane—the most expensive way of getting one—four people can travel more cheaply than they can on the airlines.

Peter B. Turney
Baltimore, Maryland

The editors reply:
The jet engine, of course, is most costly in fuel. Some of us have been on these executive planes where there are three or four people and many empty seats. Much private aircraft traffic, moreover, duplicates routings done by commercial aircraft. Wouldn't those be a place to start?

Squashed gays

To the editors:
Your coverage of Anita Bryant's anti-gay crusade ("Anita Bryant is Mad About Gays," *TNR*, May 7) was a heartening deviation from the uncritical publicity given her by most TV and magazine reports. It was also a pleasant innovation for *TNR*, being the second mention of gay rights in your politics pages since I began subscribing in 1968.

Nonetheless, despite the manifest potential of the Save Our Children

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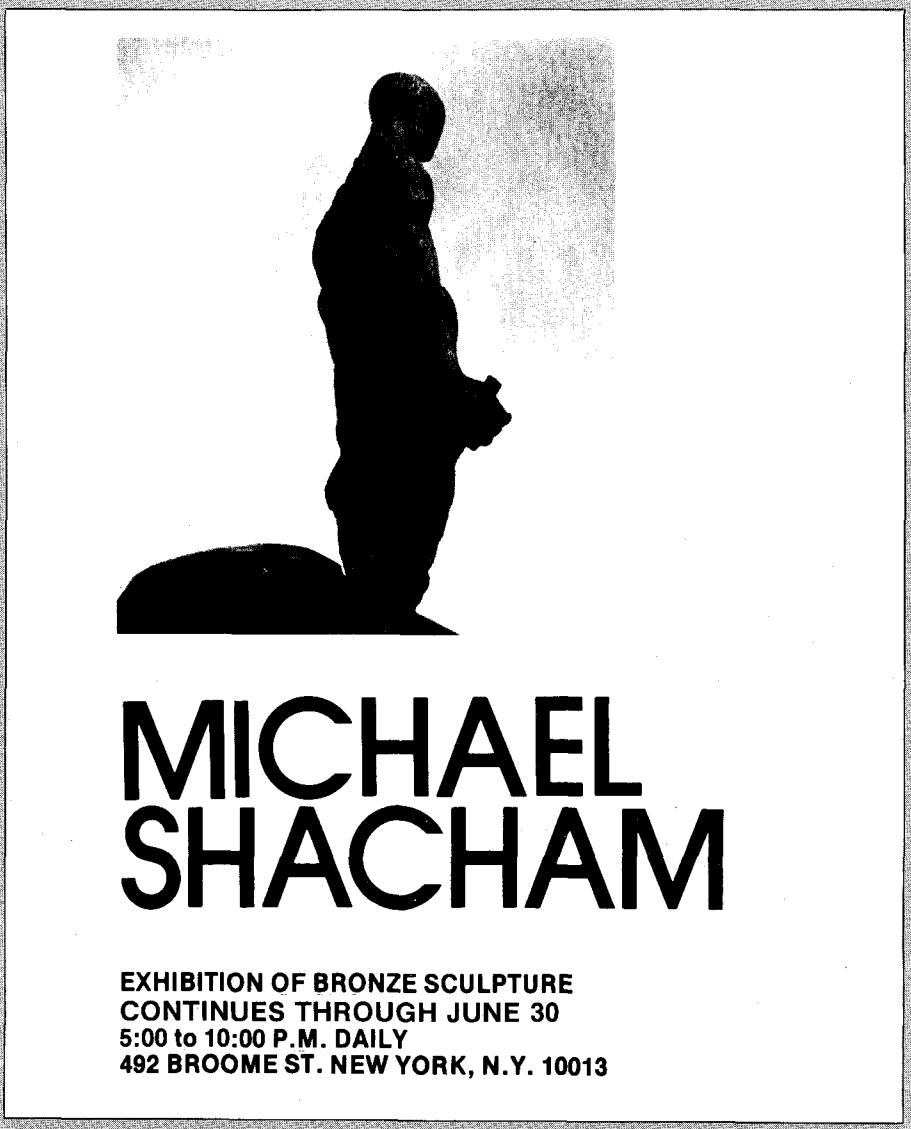

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Department will be told to trim back the trade:

- New commitments to sell arms, as measured in dollars, will be lower in fiscal 1978 than in the current year, though previous commitments will be kept.
- In the future, the US will not be the first to introduce a sophisticated new weapon into a region. If this provision had been in effect in 1975, there would have been no sale of Hawk anti-aircraft missiles to Jordan.
- No advanced weapon will be developed or "significantly modified" solely to meet export demands.
- The US will not make joint production agreements with foreign countries to build "significant weapons." This probably will affect Iran more than any other nation.
- The US will forbid the resale of certain additional items to third countries.
- Embassy and military officials abroad will not be permitted to promote the sale of arms, and the restrictions on private arms salesmen will be tightened.

These points, though still a bit vague, reverse the trend that developed under Kissinger, essentially a policy of selling anything and everything to win short-term diplomatic victories. Congressional aides on the foreign affairs committees said that Carter's program will have its greatest impact in the Middle East, where most of the sophisticated export weapons are sent now. The Shah of Iran, the Jordanians and the Saudis will have to get by with fewer and less potent American gadgets.

Several countries were specifically exempted, including members of NATO, Japan, New Zealand, Australia and—because Congress insisted—Israel. In addition, the President reserved the right to break the rules "in extraordinary circumstances," presumably meaning in times of war. Despite these gaps, the program seems to please Democrats on the Hill. Senators Hubert Humphrey and Gaylord Nelson, leaders in the attempt to restrain foreign arms sales, view it as a satisfactory beginning. The loopholes don't trouble them these days because they are being well briefed by the administration as decisions are made.

Man of Many Words

Bruce Bliven

(Bruce Bliven, managing editor and later president of The New Republic *from 1923 to 1955, died on May 27 at the age of 87.)*

I have known him for nearly 50 years. When I went to work for *The New Republic* in 1929, three weeks before the Wall Street crash, Bruce Bliven was the managing editor with power to hire and fire, though he seldom exercised that power during the 1930s. Herbert Croly, who had founded the paper, no longer came to the office; he died in May 1930. In theory the *NR*—we never said *TNR*—was guided by a soviet of editors, each with the right to express his own opinions, but Bruce had the last word.

He was the only editor with big-time journalistic experience. Born in the northwestern corner of Iowa, he had moved to California with his parents and had been graduated from Stanford in 1911. Two years later he had married a sweet-tempered classmate, Rose Emery. He had directed the Department of Journalism at the University of Southern California, had worked for *Printers' Ink*, that weekly journal of the newspaper world, and then had become managing editor of *The New York Globe*, a liberal daily. At 40, Bruce knew every important journalist in the country, and in England too.

Above the medium height and a little overweight in those days before his first heart attack, he gave the impression of being larger than he was. He liked to wear blue suits with a bow tie and high black shoes. His cheeks were round and soft, his brown hair was brushed back in a pompadour, and his eyes glowed out at you from rimless spectacles. I soon discovered that Bruce was a compulsive verbalizer. He talked in sentences and paragraphs, without pauses except when he asked questions and listened attentively to the answers. At *New Republic* luncheons and dinners there were few silences; he kept the ball bouncing. Also he wrote without pauses for reflection, whether he was dictating or typing. His book of memoirs, published in 1970, is called *Five Million Words Later*. I think the title is a gross undercalculation. It would cover his four million words for *The New Republic* and another million for the *Manchester Guardian*, but it would not include his many books or his contributions to other magazines.

He had many devices for saving time so as to devote more of it to writing for publication. Thus, he would do the first draft of a dozen letters on the same page, typing furiously without using the shift key: "joseph h wright 227 franklin st omaha nebr dear mr wright we read your article with great interest but . . . . " His overworked secretary supplied the capital letters and the punctuation marks. When a telephone conversation went on too long, Bruce would hang up the receiver. But not, not while the other person was talking; instead he cut himself off in the middle of a sentence. The caller, unoffended, would blame the switchboard.

COMING:

A defense of the Consumer Protection Agency.

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There was another set of devices for getting rid of importunate visitors, and he thus saved hours every week, but his work was never finished. Always, at five o'clock promptly, he carried part of it home in a bulging briefcase.

The younger staffers made fun of Bruce, as they would have made fun of any managing editor; Otis Ferguson called him "Buster." Some of us, especially Edmund Wilson, thought that we could have put out a livelier paper without him. I feel that Edmund was right but, in retrospect, I doubt whether we others could have kept the paper going. Bruce was a balance wheel that held the *NR* on its liberal course. He knew how to deal with angry subscribers, with disappointed contributors and, on occasion, with redbaiters in Washington. He was the face we presented to the public. When the other editors expressed conflicting opinions—ranging from those of Stark Young, who had been decorated by Mussolini, to those of Edmund Wilson, who wanted to take communism away from the Communists—it was Bruce who created a workable consensus. Bruce himself had opinions on every subject but, with few exceptions, they were not deeply held convictions. His real articles of faith were the virtues of liberalism, the inevitable progress of science and technology, and the all-importance of *The New Republic.*

One of his ambitions was to reduce the yearly deficit that plagues every liberal weekly. To use the words of Jody Powell, he was tight as a tick with the paper's money, especially when it was a matter of paying more than two cents a word for contributions. Bruce liked to have the paper written as much as possible by its salaried staff. If the others had written as much as Bruce (140,000 words a year) or that amiable Connecticut Yankee, George Soule (120,000), there would have been almost no room for contributors. Always a bleeder, I could write no more than 50,000, besides editing the book department, and I was mildly scolded for my dereliction. For my part, I ached to get my pencil into Bruce's copy and delete some of the verbiage. I had to admit, however, that he was a good reporter, given to making wild similes and amusing overstatements, and chiefly I had to admit that he was saving the paper money. The yearly deficit kept shrinking all through the Depression, and there were two or three four-week periods in 1940 when we registered a profit. Those were the periods when Bruce carried his briefcase home with a grin on his face. *The New Republic* was his life, quite simply, and he was desolated when he had to retire in 1955 after a second heart attack.

He was busy during his years of retirement, which were spent on the Stanford campus. He lectured to classes in journalism; he took a daily walk of two miles, measured by a pedometer; he made a daily summary of national events; he contributed to magazines; and he wrote several books, one of which, *A Mirror for Greatness* (1975), was a book club choice. In time he became a bouncing patriarch, the oldest living inhabitant of Stanford. I paid several short visits to him and Rosie, and found him as always an entertaining host, making sharp-edged jokes directed at himself while Rosie bubbled with subdued excitement. I found in myself, after all those years, a new feeling of affection, and it has been nourished since then by the Christmas letters that Bruce sent to all his friends. I quote from the 1975 letter, which was written when he and Rosie had been married for 62 years: "We live by the rules of the elderly. If the toothbrush is wet you have cleaned your teeth. If the bedside radio is warm in the morning you left it on all night. If you are wearing one brown and one black shoe, quite possibly you have a similar pair in the closet . . . . Try not to mind when a friend tells you on your birthday that a case of prune juice has been donated in your name to a nearby retirement home.

"I stagger when I walk, and small boys follow me making bets on which way I'll go next. This upsets me; children should not gamble . . . . Like most elderly people, we spend many hours in front of our TV set. We rarely turn it on, of course; if we do we see a whole nation of people in a panic about how they smell, or smaller groups solving the anguished problems of the human heart by crashing automobiles together."

Self-deprecation, wild hyperbole, and beneath the smile a feeling of repressed anger at the state of the nation, and of himself; that was Bruce all over.

Malcolm Cowley

Malcolm Cowley, the literary critic, was literary editor of *The New Republic* from 1930 to 1940.

White House Watch
Carter and Spyland

The President is slowly getting his intelligence ducks in a row. Here is a summary of the things he's done and the ways in which he is trying to establish a degree of presidential mastery over spyland.

It will never again be the degree of mastery, almost total, that Presidents since Harry Truman's day have had the authority but not always the wit or will to exercise. The CIA is the only foreign intelligence agency authorized by law. Its big companions in the intelligence community, the National Security Agency and the Defense Intelligence Ageny, and the many Army, Navy and Air Force intelligence services function under executive orders or in some instances with no written and publicly recorded authority. The

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only restriction laid upon the CIA by the National Security Act of 1947 and later amendments is the stipulation that it is an arm of the President's National Security Council and subject as such to his control and direction. In the aftermath of Watergate and the disclosures of intelligence abuses ranging from excessive intervention in other countries' business to murder plots, Congress and its committees have moved and are still moving into not only investigation and monitoring of intelligence operations but into what amounts—though most congressmen concerned would deny it—to direction and management of those operations.

The first report of the Senate's Select Committee on Intelligence, the oversight committee set up on May 19, 1976 as a result of the Church committee's investigation of intelligence abuses, is a staggering testament to the extent of authority to supervise and restrict foreign intelligence operations that Congress asserts. The report and accompanying supplements brag of the "hundreds of hours" that the committee's chairman, Daniel K. Inouye of Hawaii, and its 16 other members have spent on the committee as a whole and on six subcommittees assigned to "the rights of Americans," "budget authorization," the "collection, production and quality" of foreign intelligence, "special investigations," "charters and guidelines" for intelligence agencies, and "secrecy and disclosure." A staff of 23 professionals and 22 "support" persons including the minority staff director, Earl D. Eisenhower, a nephew of the late President and a protégé of Senator Barry Goldwater, works for the committee and its subcommittees. The purpose here is not to derogate the committee; considering the mass of classified information it has collected and keeps in its records and in the heads of its staff and members, it has behaved responsibly and has been tarred by amazingly few leaks. The point is that the Inouye committee is one of at least eight Senate and House committees that claim some oversight authority. A House equivalent of the Inouye committee is about to be established. This prospect must cause shudders among those who recall that sieve of secret information, Congressman Otis Pike's intelligence investigating committee. Congressional oversight of foreign intelligence operations is unavoidable. It's good in principle. But there can be too much of it.

President Carter has indicated several times that he knows there can be too much of it. In one of the positions to be noted here, he has taken a firm stand against undue congressional intrusion. But the available accounts of a meeting that he had on May 13 with the Inouye committee at the White House make one wonder whether he was adequately aware of what he was up against then and is likely to be up against in the near future.

COMING:

The Corrupting Effects of Affluence.

The announced purposes of the meeting were to assure the committee that Carter agrees with it that the chief foreign intelligence agencies—CIA, NSA and DIA—should operate under statutory rather than executive charters and, in the words of press secretary Jody Powell, "to work out with the Congress a way in which we could work with them in the development of comprehensive legislation in this field." The committee's and Carter's aim, Powell said, was "clear legislation applicable to all the intelligence agencies which states what they may and may not do" and provides "a focused and controlled and lawful intelligence operation." According to an official at the meeting, Carter observed rather mildly that he hoped the legislation wouldn't get into excessive operational detail. Powell stretched this and the absence of objection to it into a statement that "the participants agreed...that the organizational and administrative matters should not be controlled in such detail that the effectiveness of the agencies in performing lawful duties is impaired." Carter told the committeemen that the administration's review of foreign intelligence organization and practices should be completed in June and all hands agreed that the committee and the administration will compare notes and cooperate in drafting "sound and effective legislation and...executive branch statements of policy."

Senator Walter Huddleston of Kentucky, chairman of the "charters and guidelines" subcommittee, presented the formal argument for legislative rather than executive charters for the main intelligence agencies. As White House officials at the meeting understood it, Huddleston told Carter that the committee is drafting legislation to provide a Director of Central Intelligence who would be apart from the Central Intelligence Agency and vested with both coordinating and budgetary authority over CIA, NSA and DIA. The CIA director has doubled since 1947 as the Director of Central Intelligence with theoretical but very little real authority over the other agencies. Carter, who has previously advocated a detached DCI with overall authority, naturally applauded Huddleston's proposals.

Here enters a curious aspect of that White House session. Lacking full knowledge of what did and didn't happen, I don't suspect or suggest any invidious motive. The fact remains, however, that the most important piece of intelligence legislation drafted in recent times was never mentioned at the meeting. This is the Huddleston subcommittee's proposed National Intelli-

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gence Act. It would go way beyond anything indicated to Carter at the May 13 meeting, or so far as I know at any time to him or to any of his people, to revamp the nation's foreign intelligence system and to bring Congress directly into its direction and operation. Under it, the "Director of Central Intelligence" mentioned at the White House would be a Director of National Intelligence (DNI). The new DNI would control the budgets and therefore the all-important "resource allocations" of the three main agencies and would also be authorized to "coordinate" their clandestine collection of information "by human means." All of this is within the usual understandings of what an autonomous overall director would do. The revolutionary departure proposed in the Huddleston draft is that the Director of National Intelligence would be stated in the law to be chief intelligence adviser to the President *and to Congress*. He (or she, one must say nowadays) would be a servant of the President *and of Congress* and would be explicitly required to give Congress any information it demands. The Huddleston bill would also establish a National Intelligence Activities Review Board, in effect replacing the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board (PFIAB) that Carter abolished on May 5, and authorize by statute the Intelligence Oversight Board which Gerald Ford created by executive order in February 1976 and Carter has just retained and reconstituted. Like the new DNI, these items in the draft bill were not mentioned at the May 13 meeting with Carter.

Mention of IOB and PFIAB (contemptuously called piffiab in Carter quarters) brings up Vice President Walter Mondale and his large role in foreign intelligence matters. By order of the President, Mondale was preoccupied with a review of US policy in southern Africa for a month or so and recently told Prime Minister John Vorster of South Africa in Vienna that he and his government must either begin to alter their policy of white domination of the black majority or lose US friendship and support. Mondale happily informed his staff on his way home from Europe on May 24 that he has completed his African mission and hereafter will leave African affairs to the State Department and UN Ambassador Andrew Young. The Vice President's quiet pullback from Africa will be interpreted as a way to avoid friction (or further friction) with Young and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who could reasonably have thought that three was a crowd in African affairs. The official word is that Mondale remains on good terms with Vance and Young and that Carter has been pleased with his work on Africa. However that may be, the news of interest here is that Mondale is diving back into intelligence affairs, both as a member of the NSC committee reviewing the whole foreign intelligence setup under Zbigniew Brzezinski, the assistant for national security affairs, and as Carter's personal representative in handling intelligence legislation and reorganization. It's clear at the White House that in intelligence matters Carter relies more upon Mondale and Admiral Stansfield Turner, the new Director of Central Intelligence, than he does upon anybody else. Mondale, for instance, was principally responsible for Carter's choice of Thomas L. Farmer, a Washington attorney who worked for Allen Dulles at CIA in the early 1950s and specializes in the law of international trade, to replace retired ambassador Robert D. Murphy as chairman of the Intelligence Oversight Board. Mondale also recommended the appointment of former Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee. The third new member, former Governor, presidential aspirant and UN Ambassador William Scranton, seems to have been everybody's choice as a Republican with sound credentials. The board's chief duty is to investigate allegations of illegality or impropriety in foreign intelligence operations and its powers to do so probably will be increased by Carter.

Carter's previously mentioned stand against undue congressional intrusion occurred in the case of *United States* v. *AT&T and John E. Moss*, a complex dispute that I detailed in this journal's March 19 issue. As chairman of a House investigating subcommittee, Congressman Moss demanded access to raw FBI requests for AT&T wiretaps of suspected foreign intelligence operatives in the US. First Gerald Ford and lately Jimmy Carter, through their attorney generals, offered access only to edited documents from which the identities of surveillance targets had been deleted. The Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia begged the federal government and Moss to spare it the anguish of deciding so delicate a constitutional issue. Moss wouldn't give, Carter and Attorney General Griffin Bell wouldn't give, and the appellate court is going to have to decide after all. Weep not for the court; that is what courts are for.

John Osborne

A new theory has spawned a new boondoggle.

Appropriate Technology

The English might call it a "tidy little fiddle," if you consider $20 million little. John Gilligan, the new director of the Agency for International Development has a different formulation. He calls it a boondoggle.

What *it* is is Appropriate Technology International, one of the little terms the new AID director came across

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in examining the activities engaged in by the $7.2 billion agency he now heads. Appropriate Technology International—ATI—is the result of a vaguely worded amendment tacked onto the Foreign Assistance Act in 1975. The amendment provides for $20 million to be spent over three years to promote technology appropriate to developing countries and instructs AID to draw up a proposal to spend the money and to involve the private sector in the project.

What ATI amounts to is an effort to reshuffle US aid priorities in the direction of the voguish "small is beautiful" approach. That viewpoint holds that what the rich of the world have been giving or selling to the poor reflects their own values and needs rather than those of the people they are trying to help. Thus, what US aid programs have dispensed for the past 25 years has been capital and energy "guzzling," managerially complex and, above all, not labor intensive, despite the fact that receiving countries like Jamaica, Zaire and Indonesia have unemployment rates hovering around 30 to 40 percent.

So, what would be appropriate? Well, the marvel of a great idea is its capacity to appear self-evident. The high priest of "small is beautiful," E.F. Schumacher, advances the notion that the proper way to deal with man and technology in the development process is to reverse the capital-energy-labor predicament by designing and supporting aid projects that generate jobs through methods of production that have developed naturally. Don't send the 125 horsepower tractors that are the heart of the American production system to countries like Egypt, Bangladesh and Taiwan where the average farm is only two to three acres. They are too big, too expensive—in a word, "inappropriate." The entrepreneurs who farm these tiny plots need improved technology no less than American farmers, but they need machines and tools appropriate to their tiny farms and cheap enough to fit their low incomes.

But the appropriate technology theory has spawned its own critics who argue that twiddling the technical knobs will not solve the problems of development, which tend to be woefully big, with social and political pressures requiring rapid and large scale solutions. As a *cause célèbre*, the movement has warned against the easy assumption that severe problems are best attacked by using the most powerful technology available. But the point has been overmade, and the small is beautiful crowd should not reject modern technology as inappropriate on principle.

Tracing an organization like ATI back through the committees, hearings, conferences, reports and agency reviews that are inherently part of the Washington gestation period should have been very difficult indeed. However, when one man calls the play, hikes the ball, handles most of the blocking, then throws the pass and runs out and catches it himself, his name will like as not turn up in the program.

"The idea for ATI was mine," says Edgar Owens, and indeed, the course of events supports his point of view. Owens has met for years, he says, with a group of congressmen who were disenchanted with AID's traditional mode of operations, particularly in the developing areas. He wrote a book on new ideas in development, worked with the staff and members of the House Committee on International Relations to get the idea passed into law, then came back over to his office at AID and received the congressional mandate to create a $20 million program. He then helped to organize the conferences and to commission the studies that led to the creation of ATI, had "more influence than most," as he puts it, in naming the organization's six-member board of directors, and was recently tendered an offer by that same board to become one of ATI's first three employees.

So the principal characters in the little drama of ATI are, first, John Gilligan, 56, former governor of Ohio who now heads an agency much maligned for its red tape, clogged bureaucratic channels and outmoded philosophies; second, Edgar Owens, 52, an AID bureaucrat for 17 years, master of its jargon and acronyms, and expert on appropriate technology, and thoroughly fed up with the government's traditional approach to foreign aid. Owens and Gilligan have never met.

It was not until the process had come nearly full circle that the new director and his staff stumbled across ATI. Verne Newton, a Gilligan aide assigned to find out what AID was doing about appropriate technology, began to review congressional mandates, peruse old files and flag some issues for further attention. ATI was a product of the outgoing administration, already approved, with the ball put in play by Gilligan's precedessor, Dan Parker of the fountain pen family. "We can support the appropriate technology approach," Newton told Gilligan, "but there are some aspects of the way ATI has been set up that deserve your attention."

Newton's reservations quickly became Gilligan's own. In the initial proposal sent to Congress, there was a provision for the agency to be represented on the ATI board, but the board had already been chosen and AID's representation had apparently evaporated. Those involved felt that unless ATI was completely disassociated from AID its organizational credibility would be diminished. Thus AID would be involved only through consultation, and might only "comment on specific projects if gross diversion from policy is apparent." Finally, they learned that the bulk of an initial $1 million grant to ATI would be used to commission studies, hire consultants, write proposals and travel around the world; $395,000 was earmarked for travel alone. As one AID official put it, "It's as if they're trying to create a demand and a clientele to justify the establishment of an organization which was supposedly created in response to a recognized need . . . and

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they're doing it all with public funds.

On April 1, Newton sent a memorandum to Gilligan noting that the first $1 million grant to ATI "is to be authorized by you very soon," and suggested that the whole project be subjected to a serious review. That same day Gilligan's file contained another memo, this one from Curtis Farrar, head of AID's Technical Assistance Bureau, which began, "I have signed the authorization for a $1 million start-up grant to ATI . . . ." John Gilligan was beginning to get an idea how the bureaucracy in Washington works.

The most important question involved in evaluating ATI is why the organization had to be surgically carved out and sewn off from AID. If appropriate technology is really so important, it should be a central focus of the agency. If involvement of the private sector is desirable, that too should be an overall goal of AID. But most important, why was a private organization designed to receive a huge infusion of public funds allowed to be established with so little public accountability?

The ATI people consider independence from AID to be one of their greatest assets. Kris Shannon, vice-chairman of the ATI board and director of the Center for Policy Process, says, "AID has been commited to a high technology approach, and some of the traditional people in the agency are threatened by ATI." She also believes that AID lacks the capacity to respond quickly with small-scale programs. Edgar Owens, who is a missionary on the agency's inefficiency, echoes that sentiment: "On the question of whether to set up the organization inside or outside AID, it came down to whether you wanted it done by bureaucrats or by more sympathetic people who were more flexible. That meant loading the board and the staff with people not encumbered with the traditional AID philosophy." Then, sitting in his government office and his agency-issue chair, Owens delivers the clincher. "Anyone who would go to work for AID is not the kind of person we would want at ATI," he says.

How is ATI intended to operate in the future? Will it ever be folded back into AID or will it continue to operate independently on public funds channeled through that agency's budget? Those involved see the organization as permanently separated, analogous to a private consulting firm, perhaps selling its services back to government and international agencies, maybe even to AID. Kris Shannon estimates that ATI will need a minimum of $10 million to $15 million in public money each year, but she's confident that all can be worked out. The bureaucrats at AID are not sympathetic, "But Gilligan will be alright," she predicts. "From some of the things he did in Ohio, it's obvious that he's a little like Jerry Brown, and Brown has his own office of appropriate technology."

Kris Shannon doesn't really know her man. Because ATI activity to date has had the tacit approval of interested congressional committees, Gilligan has authorized the expenditure of the first $1 million. But he did so expressing disagreement with the notion of giving public funds to "a private, self-appointed, self-anointed organization, which has no clear-cut plan of action and, in the final analysis, is responsible to no one." He also reserved the right to jettison the whole project at the conclusion of the planning period and ordered a legal opinion on whether Owens' activities might already constitute a conflict of interest. For Gilligan, the issue is not one theory of development versus another, but a matter of propriety and accountability in the spending of public money.

ATI is not Gilligan's only lesson in his short return to Washington, where he once served as a member of Congress. Ordering a review of AID contract procedures, he also discovered that 85 percent of all contracts are let on a noncompetitive basis, then sometimes extended and reextended for up to a decade. He found, too, that dozens of AID officials have resigned, assumed their pensions, then signed up with the agency on a consulting basis.

Gilligan arrives with an attitude that may prove unsettling in the agency he heads. When AID bureaucrats believe that the only way new, innovative programs can work is to get them out of the agency, he wants that point of view justified or the bureaucracy changed.

With ATI, he's found a good place to begin the inquiry. Mr. Gilligan, we'd like you to meet Edgar Owens. Mr. Owens, this is John Gilligan.

Ken Bode and Arpad Von Lazar

Ken Bode is *TNR* politics editor.
Arpad Von Lazar is professor of international development at Tufts.

Teaching pregnant women not to share food with their families.

Strictly From Hunger

This is the story of an obscure $250 million a year program run by the Department of Agriculture which attempts, among other things, to cure both obesity and underweight in pregnant women by providing the same amounts of food, including commercial junk cereals that are mostly sugar. The Special Supplemental Food Program for Women, Infants and Children (called WIC) is in addition to food stamps and all other social welfare programs.

WIC was created by Hubert Humphrey on the floor of the Senate in 1972. It was intended as a two-year experiment. There were no legislative hearings, and

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the House never even considered the proposal, which at that time weighed in at a mere $20 million per year. Humphrey carried onto the floor of the Senate "before" and "after" photographs of an infant from Memphis who had starved nearly to death and who had probably suffered brain damage as a result. He introduced an amendment to the school lunch bill which created a pilot program in the Department of Agriculture (for some reason) to see whether it would be a good idea to provide nutritious food to pregnant and lactating women and children up to four years of age. The amendment passed overwhelmingly despite Agriculture Department opposition based on the apparent failure of a similar previous effort. The proposal was agreed to in conference without consideration by the House. President Nixon had no choice in an election year but to sign the school lunch bill, and so WIC became law.

The program was created, its sponsors will tell you, at the recommendation of the 1969 White House Conference on Food, Nutrition and Health. Actually, the Conference recommended *against* programs, like WIC, aimed at special vulnerable groups like infants and pregnant women. The Conference report said, quite logically, "Programs that assume that some family members can eat less well than others while all are seated together at the family table are unrealistic." The WIC program requires—in regulations published this February—that, "All foods obtained under the Program are to be used exclusively by the recipient, and not shared with other members of the family."

In the first year after passage the Agriculture Department, which opposed the program, did nothing to set it up. The department argued that it knew nothing about maternal and child health care and that the program really belonged in HEW. After a year the administration announced its intention to save the taxpayers $34 million by spending six million dollars on a study instead of $40 million over two years. This produced a lawsuit by a public interest group called the Food Research and Action Center (FRAC). Judge Oliver Gasch of the US District Court for the District of Columbia found that Congress had not intended to find out whether feeding people was a good idea—Congress had intended to spend the money feeding as many people as possible. Agriculture officials frantically ran around the country, in the words of one observer, "handing out dollars." Just as Judge Gasch was about to declare the department in contempt of court, USDA announced that 143 clinics were to be funded. In January 1974, the first recipients received WIC food.

To be eligible for WIC food, a physician or "health professional" must certify that you are "a nutritional risk." The law lists certain medical conditions—obesity, underweight, stunting, anemia—which the free food is intended to help. But it also allows "low income" to be used as a determination of "nutritional risk." The idea—a sensible one—is that if you are pregnant or an infant and you can't afford to eat properly, then you are at risk of being in bad health. Despite stringent federal regulations about who qualifies for food, practices vary widely among the local health clinics. In some everyone who walks in the door—regardless of income or medical condition—receives the food. In others a poor person must prove she or he has a qualifying medical condition in order to get a package containing infant formula, orange juice, Kaboom cereal, etc.

By October 1975 the Democratic Congress—overriding President Ford's veto—increased the WIC funding to $250 million per year. It was no longer a temporary program. A subsequent lawsuit over delays and failure to appropriate funds resulted in an order by Judge Gasch that in effect forces the Agriculture Department to share administration of the program with the federal courts. Four times a year until September 30, 1978 (when the current funding expires), Agriculture officials must report to Judge Gasch about what they've been doing and how much money they've been spending.

Attempts to evaluate the program or even to define its purpose are hopelessly difficult. The Agriculture Department does not even have a list of all the local programs it funds or how many people receive benefits. Since qualifying for the program requires a health examination, many who live in areas of high poverty and high infant and maternal mortality rates are ineligible for benefits because of the absence of medical care.

WIC pays for food, the administrative cost of distributing the food and nutritional education to teach recipients how to use it. There is a pretense that the amount of food provided is tailored to the nutritional requirements of the individual, but in practice most clinics, for administrative reasons, provide the maximum quantity permitted. There is no rationale for the size of the food package. An obese child of four receives the same quantity of food as a underweight pregnant girl of 14. Infants under six months of age, for example, receive infant formula, juice and cereal far in excess of their recommended daily requirements. Local administrators oppose any reduction in the size of the package on the grounds that families share what is provided. A study by the Urban Institute found that even though it is prohibited, 81 percent of recipients admitted that they share the food with their families. To make sharing easier, nutritionists provide recipes using infant formula to make fudge and chicken broth. The quality of nutritional education is often poor. It frequently consists of exhortations to a pregnant woman not to share her omelet with her family.

Probably the saddest thing about this program is that it serves a real need. Many who would not otherwise receive prenatal examinations or inoculations for disease are lured into health clinics by the desire for free

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food. For many of the program's 785,000 participants, the $22 worth of food a month represents a badly needed income supplement. Against the will of its creators and national administrators, the WIC program has become another general welfare program for feeding the hungry, and we still don't know how many of our citizens are hungry.

Joel Solkoff

Joel Solkoff is a Washington writer specializing in food issues.

What are they up to?

Cubans in Ethiopia

Neither Ambassador Andrew Young nor Vice President Walter Mondale has rushed into any hasty conclusions about the significance of the appearance of a vanguard of Cubans in Ethiopia. Their caution reflects the sensible new attitude of the Carter administration in not wishing to turn every fresh move by the Communist countries into a confrontation between the superpowers.

But anybody concerned about human rights—leaving aside, for the moment, the strategic implications raised by Communist intervention in the Horn of Africa—must face up to the implications of Fidel Castro's intentions in Ethiopia.

No guesswork is necessary about those intentions. Castro expresses his opinion in the current issue of *Afrique-Asie* (published in Paris) that the military regime in Addis Ababa—known as "Dergue"—is engaged in a "genuinely progressive revolution." He calls on all revolutionary forces in the third world to rally urgently to the Dergue's defense against the "international reactionary conspiracy" to crush the Ethiopian revolution. So Castro's purpose is to buttress the hard-pressed Dergue and to help it survive. But is Castro right about the Dergue? Is it indeed a progressive revolutionary force? And are the Dergue's enemies simply reactionary forces of conspiracy?

The Dergue, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam, consists of a leftist hard core of the Ethiopian army and one section of the Ethiopian Marxist movement. These Marxists are so-called Fidaists, who take their name from their leader, Haile Fida, a product of the Sorbonne.

The ideological theories of the Fidaists have won increasing acceptance among the small power group that has emerged triumphant from a series of bloody struggles among the 120 soldiers who were spokesmen for the "anti-feudalist revolution" that overthrew Emperor Haile Selassie in 1973. The Dergue can be described as both Marxist-Leninist and nationalist. As Marxists members of the Dergue are carrying through a violent revolution. As nationalists they are committed to defending every inch of ancient Ethiopia's territory. These two strands of the Dergue's policies have led them into violent conflict, not only with "reactionaries" but also with other radical nationalist forces and with Marxists who reject their approach.

There are no fewer than five different Marxist movements engaged in the present struggle. There are the Fidaists, who look to Moscow and Havana. After the military takeover they decided that the best way of promoting revolution was by joining with the military rulers. This decision was bitterly disputed by a second group of Marxists who accused the Fidaists of "adventurism." In classical Leninist analysis they argued that there was no shortcut to the revolution; that in the aftermath of the Emperor's feudal rule the country needed not a military regime, of necessity bourgeois and reactionary, but a period of civilian rule and parliamentary government to allow for the geniune politicization of the masses. This second group, the Ethiopian People's Revolutionary Party and Army (EPRP/EPRA), won the important backing of militant students, teachers and others among the intelligentsia, as well as of the unionists.

This clash between the Fidaists and the EPRP has produced some of the worst killings in the capital. The EPRA has assassinated Fidaists or "kneecapped" them in IRA fashion. Each such attack has been followed by reprisal killings and mass arrests. In one black April week alone, at least 1000 suspected EPRP supporters—many of them teenagers—were shot in the streets of Addis Ababa. The revolution is literally devouring its children. In one episode five children from one family, the youngest only 13 years old, were shot up against a wall while their parents looked on. They were accused of being "anarchists," the Dergue's description of all dissenting Marxists. Hundreds more have been killed—many of them outstanding young Ethiopian intellectuals, union leaders, teachers and schoolchildren. In one public execution a child of 12 was killed for distributing EPRA leaflets. It is impossible to know how many arrests there have been, but it is safe to suggest that there are more political prisoners in Ethiopia today than throughout the long reign of the old emperor.

A third Marxist group is the Eritrean Popular Liberation Front (EPLF). It is the largest of the three elements of the liberation movement seeking the secession of Eritrea. Since the Fidaists, as nationalists, are opposed to the separation of Eritrea, they also are engaged in a strenuous conflict with the EPLF.

Geographical and ethnic disputes have spawned two other Marxist splinter groups. In Tigre, bordering on Eritrea, a military group similar to the EPLF exists, known as the Tigre People's Liberation Front (TPLF).

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Though less determined on secession than the Eritreans, they are bitter rivals to the Fidaists. Finally, there is the Oromo National Revolutionary Front (whose younger intellectuals are to be found in Boston, Mass.), which carries the flag of the large community of Oromos (Gallas). They look upon the Fidaists and the Dergue as dominated by the Amhara Shoans, whom the Ormos regard as their traditional oppressors.

The Dergue's other internal enemies include traditional reactionaries, and also a broadly progressive nationalist movement, the Ethiopian Democratic Union (EDU), an umbrella organization which tries to unite all the opponents of the Dergue (including the non-Fidaist Marxists). The EDU has an army which operates mainly in the northern part of the country along the Sudan frontier, from Ilulabor to Tigre.

Clearly, among these groups there is no easy way to identify progressives on the one hand and feudalist reactionaries on the other. The regional and other conflicts of ancient Abyssinia have become overlaid by new conflicts among the modernizing elites.

The Dergue also faces external enemies. These include the Marxist-Leninist regime of Somalia, and members of the Arab bloc—Sudan, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Syria and Iraq. In fact, the only friends the Dergue has in the region are Libya and the South Yemen Democratic Republic (Aden). For reasons of their own, these states recently abandoned their support for the Eritreans and now cooperate with Cuba and the Soviets in trying to buttress the Dergue.

Somalia raises particular problems for both the Soviet Union and Cuba. In Castro's simplistic view of "the revolutionary progressive forces of the third world," the Somalis belong somewhere near the very top of the list. But, the regime in Mogadishu is the bitterest of all the Dergue's enemies. The Somalis aspire to "liberate" Somali-speaking peoples along their frontiers, either getting them to join the Somali Republic or helping them to set up their own independent states. This Somalian nationalist ambition crosses the Ethiopians at two points: in Djibouti, the vital Red Sea port which is due to become independent in June; and in the Ogaden province of Ethiopia. The Somalis also are strong supporters of the Eritrean and Oromo struggles. Thus Marxist solidarity has broken on the stubborn soil of nationalist ambitions—a hard reality which Castro's ideas about the class struggle ignore.

The Russians—more worldly than the Cubans about the limitations of international class solidarity—find themselves engaged in a difficult diplomatic maneuver in the Horn of Africa. Their special relationship is with Somalia, whom they supply with arms in exchange for facilities at Berbera for the Red fleet. But with the help of the Fidaists the Russians have engaged the Dergue's readiness to accept arms aid. This aid is especially appreciated now that the United States has given up its role as the traditional supplier of arms to the Ethiopians. Now the Somalis have threatened to break relations with the Soviets if they continue to supply arms to Somalia's old foe. Somalia has the easy option of establishing a new friendship with Saudi Arabia, which stands anxiously ready to provide the economic support that would enable the Somalis to buy Western arms. The Saudis are eager to see the expulsion of the Russians from the Red Sea.

The Russians therefore need to tread carefully. Now that they have the Dergue dangling at the end of the Moscow arms supply line, they must make sure that in the process of landing the Ethiopians in their net they do not lose the Somalis. For this reason they have engaged the Dergue in complex negotiations intended to persuade it to make concessions to the Somalis and the Eritreans that would enable Moscow to establish something like a *Pax Sovietica* in the Horn of Africa. This would give the Russians a commanding influence over the African ports of the Red Sea—a large prize indeed. But the nationalist strand of the Dergue's policies makes it difficult for them to yield the kind of concessions that would be acceptable to the Somalis.

Meanwhile, the Dergue's troubles are accumulating. The army has been defeated in Eritrea; only the splits in the Eritrean Liberation Front prevent the final coup of staging a Dien Bien Phu at Asmara, the territory's capital. The Dergue has lost control over much of the rest of the country, full-scale armed revolts are going on in eight provinces. The capital itself is the scene of nightly feuds between the Fidaists and the EPRA who, despite curfews and tight military control, nevertheless still succeed in billposting the city with placards that liken chairman Mengistu Haile Mariam to Hitler. And along the western frontiers, the Sudanese (with Egyptian and Sudanese support) now openly arm and support the EUD and the EPLF.

Time is running out for the Dergue's violently repressive rule. It urgently needs massive military and technical support. While the Russians hold back, the Cubans, Libyans and South Yemenis have decided to move in. It would be surprising if they were not serving as clandestine conduits for Russian arms that the Soviets don't want the Somalis to know about.

Nobody should doubt that Castro is acting independently, serving his own commitment to "third world revolution." But his role also serves the Russian interest. It may already be too late to save the Dergue. Its end might be postponed at a terrible further cost in Ethiopian lives and suffering. For professional revolutionaries this might seem an acceptable risk. But it is not an effort that those concerned with human rights should endorse.

Colin Legum

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Pat Caddell is whispering nonsense in President Carter's ear.

Sweet Nothings

by Henry Fairlie

President Carter should watch out. He is in danger of having Rowland Evans and Robert Novak on his side. After flagellating him as a wild-eyed liberal throughout his campaign, they now think that he may be a conservative. That is rather like Aaron Burr, after he killed Alexander Hamilton, saying that it was a case of mistaken identity. Evans and Novak went the other day (Do the airlines ask them, "Do you want to sit together?") to Franklin, Wisconsin, a "middle-class Midwestern suburb" that Gerald Ford carried easily last year. They found that Carter would win it handily today, because of the image that he is projecting of a "straightforward, energetic conservative." His political strategy is "succeeding brilliantly," they wrote.

But what most interested me was that Evans and Novak employed a pollster in Franklin. They employed Cambridge Survey Research; and that means they employed Patrick Caddell, who *is* Cambridge Survey Research. That in turn means they employed Carter's pollster, which is what I call a fine upstanding example of journalistic independence. (But who is not employing Caddell these days?) Even more interesting, however, is that only a couple of weeks before their conversation, we were given the summaries of a memorandum that Caddell wrote for Carter during the transition. The main theme in that document was that Carter had won only because, in the final stage of the campaign, he pulled in his liberal horns, and projected a conservative image.

So, Caddell tells Carter how to stay popular, and then Caddell confirms for Evans and Novak that his strategy is working—for a fee—and this latest proof is based on the interviewing of 69 voters in Franklin, Wisconsin.

I distrust the whole thesis, and believe that if Carter follows it in the next three years he is headed for an electoral disaster. But before I come to that, it is necessary to say something about polls. Politics today is being debased by the polls, and individual politicians are being misled by them. My concern is not with technical defects: anyone who wants to make up his or her own mind about their use of the statistical method can find a score of books on the subject. Neither am I concerned to accuse the polls of dishonesty, although there is considerable evidence that, however unconsciously, the relationship of patron to client is not without its influence on what the pollster finds out: again there are a score of books on the subject. My concern is with the ultimate irrelevance of polls to the political function.

When I met Caddell at a seminar in which we both took part in early spring of 1976—and he was by far the most intelligent of all the representatives of presidential candidates who took part—I asked him when he first became interested in election statistics and in taking polls. His answer might have been that of Mozart; except that Mozart would have ignored the question, and asked to borrow 10 kroner. Caddell said that Caddell became interested in taking polls when Caddell was (perhaps I am exaggerating a little) aged about two, and that Caddell was certainly keeping Caddell's own records of elections when Caddell was about 10. By the way, that is the way he talks; as if he was Caesar talking in the third person of Caesar, or de Gaulle of de Gaulle.

Now, let's steady ourselves. At the age at which the young Caddell was compiling statistics about elections, the young Fairlie was compiling statistics about cricket. Records and numbers: that is a very healthy activity for childish and newly teen-age minds to be engaged in, and there is no other age when we can absorb them so easily. But after that, most of us try to spread our wings a little. We stop keeping cricket scores; we stop chewing over the *Guinness Book of Records;* we stop trying to win the Trivia Bowl; we stop asking each other, "Who was the last niece of a President of the United States who was the mother out of wedlock of a famous film star who then became the owner of a horse that won the Triple Crown on the day that he died in Rio de Janeiro? And what was the name of the horse?" Caddell has not stopped. His mind still has something of that quality.

But let us consider that this has been his only interest in his brief life (he is 26), his only activity. What else has he ever done? Where has he ever been? Has he ever been on a bus? Has he ever worked or played where he met others who were not interested in the statistics of elections? Does he know what he is interviewing? And I mean "what," because I am not certain that he ever has met a "who." We are all turned into cricket scores: how far the ball travels, not the batsman who hit it. Elections are reduced to the *Guinness Book of Records,* because the same measurement is applied to each. Only what can be quantified is measured, only what can be put down in numbers; and these are set down as certainties, because they can be made to seem certainties, and it is difficult to resist them.

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"It is the smugness of Caddell that I can't stand," a colleague said to me; and the word is just. It is the smugness of the know-it-all, whose knowledge is limited to knowing everything in his limited field. It is limited by his own narrow conception of what is knowledge, and by his adeptness at turning the discussion of any other subject, from any other point of view, back on to his own ground. It does not matter how "accurate" or "reliable" polls are within their own range. Their range simply does not encompass the whole boundless activity and possibilities of politics.

Yet there is Caddell, employed by the Democratic National Committee—guess at whose proposal—and employed also by Evans and Novak. Why should he—why could he—not work for the Republican National Committee as well? He would give them both the same message. Why not just make Caddell a one-man electoral college, to decide whose turn it is? If this is what politics has come to, why do we just not all go to the ballet? The Kennedy Center for Performing Politics. Come to think of it, there is more point to such a name than I had in mind as it sprang to the typewriter.

Now, let us turn to Caddell's memorandum: his "INITIAL WORKING PAPER ON POLITICAL STRATEGY." I often think we have reached the stage of paying organizations like Cambridge Survey Research not for their memoranda, but for titles like that—just as people pay for Gucci and not the scarf. But remember that this paper was written last December, to guide Carter's administration.

The thrust of the memorandum is:

1. That the large blocs of votes of blacks, the poor, union families, and Catholics in the big cities were "crucial" to Carter's victory, but that these people were inclined to vote for the Democratic candidate anyway.

2. That just before the election Carter was losing "moderate" and "independent" and "conservative" voters in numbers that "jeopardized the whole election"; that it was his movement to a more conservative stance that saved the day; and that in the future it is going to be these voters who will become electorally more important, for their numbers represent a "massive demographic change."

3. What policies, then, should Carter pursue? Caddell is not interested in policies. He is interested in image. Carter should put emphasis less on "style" than on "substance." The fact that people do not know what Carter stands for could be an asset, because "large parts of the electorate can project their own desires on to Gov. Carter." Carter was perceived, in spite of doubts about him, as a "strong leader with vision," bringing "a new sense of doing business to the government." Style, then. Energy, then. Activity, then. Doing, then. Policy? What is policy?

This is a rough, but not an unfair, summary of the memorandum. It is the prescription of a nincompoop in politics; and it is the prescription for disaster for Carter in the next four years.

It is gracious of Caddell to say that the blacks, the union families, the poor, the big-city Catholics, were only "inclined" to vote Democratic anyway. They are quite capable, all of them, of voting Republican (as they did in 1972), or of staying away from the polls (as in 1968). If the "moderates" and "independents" cannot be taken for granted, neither can these four groups whom Caddell admits to be crucial. If Carter follows Caddell's prescription, he will be paying all his attention to the tenth of the iceberg above the surface, telling it how beautiful it is and how he intends it no harm; and be sunk by the nine-tenths below.

As for the "massive demographic change"—an "essentially middle class electorate," half of it college educated, a growing percentage of it white-collar—this has been a will-o'-the-wisp in the minds of pollsters, political scientists, sociologists and Republicans for more than a quarter of a century. This "massive demographic change" was the foundation of Kevin Phillips's *The Emerging Republican Majority* all those years ago, and now Caddell is dishing it up for a Democrat.

A phrase such as "massive demographic change" is used only by those—sociologists, political scientists, pollsters (and Republicans?)—who do not know what they are talking about. It is a cover-up. There is not the slightest evidence that an increasingly "middle-class electorate" necessarily becomes more conservative. They may vote in different patterns than before—ticket-splitting is more common—and blocs of voters can no longer be "delivered" by unions or bosses as in the past. But there is no evidence that ideologically they become more conservative by moving to the suburbs. There may have been a time when "crossing class lines"—there is an old phrase from the 1940s—meant a substantial change of interest and of outlook. This is no longer true. A "middle-class electorate"—whatever that means in America—can well be liberal, if invited intelligently to be so.

As for all this business of "style" and "energy" and "activity" and "doing business," it is packaging; and it wears thin very quickly. What is more, however much we may buy something because of its packaging, in the end we tear the packaging open to try what is inside. (I concede this is becoming more difficult. Both plastic and cardboard packages seem now to be designed to prevent us from opening them without shears or even a crowbar.) But "We, the People" are not dumb. Carter can go down to sea in 17 nuclear submarines with Admiral Rickover; it will take him nowhere.

But the real fault in Caddell's memorandum is that he seems to have only the slenderest idea of how politics works. For one thing, Carter will not just be a candidate in 1980; he will be a candidate who has been President for four years. There will be a record to judge; and given all the advantages of an incumbent, given all the personal attributes which told in his favor, President

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Ford could not in the end defeat his own non-existent record. Good man, nice man, decent man, honorable man, he simply was not what people expect their President to be. He lay straight in the middle of "moderate" and "conservative," and he lost.

Richard Nixon was at least a radical, in the sense in which it does not imply either "left" or "right." In many ways, he was the most dangerous of radicals. On his record between 1968 and 1972, at least the man was visible, at least he took some daring initiatives at home as well as abroad, and did not conceal himself behind mere "style" and "energy." There *was* a Richard Nixon in 1972, which makes it all the more inexplicable (except in terms which here are irrelevant) why he thought that he could carry the country only by resorting to limitless deceit and corruption.

If Caddell has his way, there will be no Jimmy Carter visible at the next election; and he will lose. After four years the question, "Jimmy Who?" will return, and be far more deadly than before.

Perhaps even more serious is that a pollster can explore and interpret—if those are the words—only one aspect of a politician, and especially of a President: his direct relationship with the people. When a candidate is beginning from no genuine political base, as Carter did in 1976, that is not a seriously damaging fault. But most of a politician's, and not least a President's, relationships are with others than the people. Carter has now to pull other elements in the political world with him, and those elements are unimpressed by "style" and "activity" and "energy," and seeming to be "doing business." They need evidence of effective policies that Carter can effectively sponsor, or else they will not be there behind him in 1980.

Let the blacks in Congress fail to enthuse the black voters for Carter in 1980; let the big-city representatives in Congress fail to enthuse their poor and Catholic constituents for Carter in 1980; let the trade unions (as in 1968 and in 1972) fail to enthuse their members for Carter in 1980: then Carter will have the tip of the iceberg given to him by Caddell, and he will have lost the election.

But there lies underneath this a deeper point. Politics is meant to create; it is not meant merely to manipulate. Even if it were true that a "middle-class electorate" is reduced only to a "conservative" protection of the ground which it has gained, one of the purposes of politics—and certainly one of the purposes of a President who is a Democrat—is to elevate those concerns. If people, because they have become affluent, have become selfish, it is one of the purposes of politics to rescue them from that diminishing of themselves.

One of the purposes of politics is to tread the ground between the legitimate private concerns of the individual and the essential public concerns of society. One does not expect a President to invite the people to be martyrs, any more than one expects him to be a saint. But ones does expect a President to elevate the political debate and so to elevate the concerns of those he leads. I believe that John Kennedy set about this in the wrong way—a very wrong way—but the pendulum has swung too far in the other direction.

If Carter decides to look for the inspiration that is expected of him, he could do worse than turn to the platform of the Democratic party on which he was elected. Like the Senate and the House of Representatives, the party is another of the intermediaries between the President and the people, of which pollsters take no account when they give their advice. *Governor* Carter was returned, first and foremost, by the Democratic party, on which he had thrust himself, and which then loyally went to work for him, as it had not so loyally worked for Hubert Humphrey in 1968 or for George McGovern in 1972. If he lets down that party before 1980, it does not matter what the "demographic changes" are.

Carter will find what he needs to know of that party in the platform it adopted at the convention where he was nominated. No one expects him to fulfill every letter of that platform; no one asks that. But there was the soul and heart and mind of his party; there was where his party said, "We will take you, since we must; but on these terms." That was the real "INITIAL WORKING PAPER." If I were President Carter, that is the document I would have on my desk, not a memorandum from someone keeping the cricket scores. He has now got Alan Greenspan praising him: the economic adviser who helped to lose the election for Gerald Ford. How many more conservatives does he want on deck, before he hears his crew calling to him from below that the water is beginning to pour in through the hull?

Having supported Carter very early—in so far as a foreigner may be allowed to support or oppose—and just as early predicted that he would win both the nomination and the election, I am still persuaded that he has the personal qualities to be a very considerable President. But he has no chance of being a considerable President, and perhaps even no chance of winning the next election, if he throws away those who could belong to him, for the fantasy of that general electorate which is all that pollsters can poll.

It is pollsters who have made up that "general electorate," because it is the only thing they can measure. But what happens when a Meany gets stubborn? What happens when a Kennedy refuses to pull in Massachusetts? What happens when a Fraser (the new head of the United Auto Workers) begins to kick the traces? What happens when someone who actually believed the party platform loses heart? *That* only a president can measure. He may gamble on Caddell—it is one helluva gamble—or he may sit down quietly one evening with Thomas P. O'Neill, and ask humbly: "Tip, tell me what politics is about; Caddell doesn't know."

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Agamemnon

(Beaumont)

At last the stage of the Beaumont, that notorious white elephant, has been put to good use: the audience sits on it. The first things we note when we come in are two big sections of bleachers on the stage, full of people facing us. In front of them, between that portion of the audience and ourselves, many rows of seats have been ripped out to make the Beaumont a theater-in-the-round. But that's not all: in that center is a large triangular metal grating, as a platform, with two ramps leading up to it from the bowels of the building. (Of course the space under the grating is visible, and is later used.) And *that's* not all: those two bleacher sections are mobile. Thus chunks of the audience are swung aside and moved back and forth during the action, so that portions of what was formerly the stage can be added to the center.

This first view, before the play begins, announces that the director Andrei Serban, who was so galvanically ill-at-ease with Chekhov's realism in *The Cherry Orchard*, is back in a mode where his imagination can work fruitfully. The play is billed as Aeschylus' *Agamemnon* "using fragments of the original Greek and Edith Hamilton's translation." The statement about fragments is true, but this is not Aeschylus' play. That fact makes for real shortcomings, but the faults do not obscure some high theatrical magnificence.

In the monumental productions of Greek plays that Serban did at LaMama and at other places around the world, he worked only in foreign languages—Greek and Latin, mostly—and he condensed greatly, crystallizing à la Grotowski (*TNR*, Nov. 23, '74). Here he has worked in Greek and English, roughly half and half, and has expanded. Since Serban changed his method only when he moved to a large uptown theater that aims at a wide audience, I dare to infer that the changes were made for (let's call them) ecumenical reasons.

It's risky to argue against plays being performed (at least partially) in the only language I understand, but the experiential truth remains that, in those earlier productions, the strangeness of the language, telling a familiar story, and the compactness of the action made for power. Strict comprehensibility and customary characterization were abandoned in order to create archetypal figures obeying primal dark dynamics. What's more, those productions made some case—incomplete but undismissible—that *in the theater* the Greek tragedies are more effective these days if treated mythically rather than as plays whose every nuance of character and reference is pertinent. (How many people, intelligent and cultivated, recognize the name Leda in *Agamemnon* and know that she was the mother of both Clytemnestra and Helen?) Serban's grasp of those tragedies' perennial essentials, in great *sound* of words interwoven with fine music, was very strong.

But now Serban has tampered with his own purity by, paradoxically, putting much of this play in English. Even to the end of clarity it's not wholly successful, especially when one section of the chorus is singing a line of notes while another section is speaking. (Wonderfully striking when you're not supposed to understand the words!)

And Serban has added explication. Evidently he has little faith that the audience will read the synopsis in the program or understand it if they do. The performance begins with a dumbshow, like the one before the play-within-a-play in *Hamlet*, synopsizing the action: Agamemnon sacrifices his daughter Iphigenia, then his wife Clytemnestra slays him in revenge, then her son Orestes slays her in revenge. And then, during the play, we get full-scale enactments of these matters, although they are only referred to in Aeschylus and although Orestes doesn't even appear until the next play (of this one surviving Greek trilogy).

Now these insertions, and others, tamper with something more than scholastic chastity. Possibly the best-known fact about Greek tragedy is that, though bodies were sometimes displayed after death, killings were never shown. The Greeks were not interested in the details of violence, essentially indistinguishable between *The Oresteia* and *The Godfather*, they were interested in causes and effects. And they used the theater, not to present fact but to infuse imagination and spirit. This purpose, despite the particularity of his LaMama productions, Serban once enhanced. Now up in the Big Time he fiddles with it. The excuse presumably is that this counter-distillation, this expansion, makes things clearer for those who don't know the story and won't read the synopsis. I would insist, unabashedly, that one of the best aspects of Serban's earlier productions was that they were done for those who did know or at least would read. If that is elitist—that meager distinction—then we're very hard up for elitism these days.

The result here tends toward the lurid and therefore banal, even though these insertions, like every moment in the production, are beautifully designed in themselves. This tragedy is not about killing, it's about justice: and the gods' view of man's view of it.

Serban then contradicts his "modernization" by having two actors play two roles each, in early Aeschylean manner. Priscilla Smith performs Clytemnestra titanically, with open-throated Doric force; but she also has to play the captive Cassandra and, in that role, has to spend much of her energy merely in differentiating her second performance from her first. Why? Valois Mickens, who did Cassandra so well in Serban's *Trojan Women*, is in the chorus here—and is understudying Cassandra! Why not

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have Mickens play it? Jamil Zakkai, well equipped for the title role, must also deal with the role of his enemy Aegisthus. Why?

Some other defects. George Voskovec is miscast as the chorus leader. That moving-about of the bleachers is a poor substitute for having the audience literally follow the action as they did at LaMama. (In Athens a few years ago the audience followed Serban's productions through the streets to the top of Mount Lycabettus.) This bleacher shuffling is the "uptown" comfy version. The lighting by Jennifer Tipton, fine most of the time, becomes as blandly white as that of a basketball court in the scene of Agamemnon's return from Troy.

At the second performance after the official opening, the production seemed under-rehearsed. (The Serban company at LaMama had worked together for years.) Even though some of the chorus had been with Serban previously, the movements of this group lacked the tensile quality of his former chorus; here they sometimes seemed to stroll from one position to another. And Zakkai, who—thanks to Apollo!—replaced the actor originally in his roles, needs more work on his readings and his movement. He uses his arms and hands with modern casualness, which wasn't true of his Jason in Serban's first *Medea*. This contrasts weakly with Smith's graphic formalities of gesture, derived from Greek friezes and vase-paintings. I'm planning to see *Agamemnon* again in a few weeks to see whether Serban has tightened the production.

But because of all my reservations, which I think are serious, I must shout even louder my praise, my joy. Serban has a gift for elemental theater—the most difficult kind—that stuns and thrills. I haven't seen the work of Ariane Mnouchkine in Paris or of Peter Stein in West Berlin, directors different from Serban yet who, by report, work in comparably large, large-spirited ways. Possibly excepting them but certainly including Peter Brook, Serban is peerless in his sense of theater space: how to reveal it, mine it, exalt it. With the flow of individuals and groups, with the exploitation of every bit of his environment, with torches and darkness, with simple huge props—the famous purple cloth for the king's return, the net to trap him in, the car in which Apollo descends to ravish Cassandra with a long spear—Serban moves in marvels to create a tragic line. The shape of this production is a work of vigorous imagination, fertile and confident.

And so is the sound. The production was conceived, says the program, "by Andrei Serban and Elizabeth Swados." Her music is not accompaniment, it's integral. Serban directed the speaking, I'm told, Swados the singing, all of which is performed by the same people. The barbaric-gentle quarter-tones, the dramatically used instruments (especially flutes and drums), the overlay of august song are inseparable from the whole. Does Swados write Attic music? No one on earth knows. But if the Theater of Dionysus didn't have music as good as this, the Athenians were deprived.

It's wonderful to see Serban's talents turned again to congenial material. It's troubling to see the hemming and stitching of (presumable) concessions. I offer him deep admiration: and some worry.

B. H. Haggin on Opera

Fools' Approval

"When we read the criticism of any past age," Randall Jarrell wrote once, "we see immediately that the main thing wrong with it is an astonishing amount of what Eliot calls 'fools' approval': most of the . . . poets were bad, most of the . . . critics were bad, and they loved each other. Our age is no different." It was our age that Jarrell was concerned with in his statement: he was establishing the validity today of a critic's low estimate of a poet who has received the unmerited praise of other critics. And what he said is true also of the criticism of music, past and present.

The musicologists concerned with the music of the past, reasoning in a world of concept miles removed from the world of fact they supposedly deal with, have produced a neat schematization in which each period of the past had *its* music, produced by *its* creative energies, and satisfying *its* esthetic interests; the creative energies of each period that produced its great painting and architecture produced its equally great music;

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and since human creative energies have been constant the music they produced in, say, the 14th or 15th century was as great as the music of Bach, Haydn and Mozart, or Beethoven and Schubert, in the 18th or 19th. "The music in this album," Curt Sachs wrote in his notes for some recorded keyboard pieces dating from 1350 to 1700, "is not 'ancient music,' stale, dusty, and at best a curio for historically minded snobs. It is no more 'ancient' than Rembrandt's painting or Gothic cathedrals." And his colleague Paul Henry Lang talked about the shelves filled with the masterpieces of past centuries that remained unperformed and unheard. But the actual works of art in the world of fact have been produced by the creative energies not of periods but of individual creators; and those energies have not been equal in the individual creators either in a single period or in successive periods. It may have been Jarrell whom I heard say there had been no great poetry in England from the death of Chaucer in 1400 to the publication of Wyatt's poems in 1557, and only minor poets between Pope and Blake; and I recall no painting of any consequence in the 18th and 19th-century Germany and Austria of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert. The early keyboard pieces Sachs wrote about—insignificant in musical ideas, structure and mere size—were not of the artistic magnitude either of Rembrandt's painting and Gothic cathedrals or of the keyboard works of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert; nor did the many contemporaries of these great men produce music comparable in magnitude with theirs. And though there are valuable works of Haydn, Mozart and Schubert that are insufficiently performed, it is the uninteresting and negligible works of their contemporaries for the most part that Lang's shelves are filled with.

The musicologists' schematization concerning the music of the past has been applied to the controversial music of the present century—of Bartok, Schönberg, Alban Berg, Webern, Boulez, Stockhausen. What most listeners have heard as meaningless ugliness Aaron Copland has urged them to hear as the "enriched musical language" and "new spirit of objectivity attuned to our own times" that make it "our music," as meaningful and moving to us as listeners 100 or 200 years ago found *their* music. And Leonard Bernstein, in one of his *Omnibus* television programs some years ago, tried to persuade the enormous audience for which he performed Schönberg's String Quartet Op. 30 No. 3 and *Pierrot Lunaire* and Berg's *Lyric Suite* that this "modern music is your music." There are performers and listeners who have been talked into believing this; but many more have rejected it and have dealt with this century's music as they did with the music of previous centuries—by listening to the individual works and deciding which made impressive musical sense and which did not.

Thus I heard in Berg's *Wozzeck*, when the Metropolitan Opera produced it in the '50s, distorted vocal writing which heightened the expressive effect of the powerfully moving words, and discordant orchestral writing which intensified the nightmarish character of the dramatic progression on the stage; but in Berg's *Lulu*, when the Hamburg Opera performed it here in 1967, I heard Lulu's distorted vocal declamation carried to an extreme of voice-wrecking stratospheric screaming that had no expressive relation to the unmoving words and made no other sense, and a similar extreme in the discordant orchestral writing which intensified the nightmarish character of the dramatic progression on the stage; and I heard that again when the Metropolitan produced *Lulu* this year. For me, then, *Wozzeck* is an outstanding achievement in this century's opera, and as such a work which the Metropolitan had the obligation to produce and continue to perform periodically for interested music-lovers; but *Lulu*—contrary to what has been claimed for it—is not. And that the Metropolitan, in its present financial difficulties, spent on a costly production of *Lulu* the money it might have spent on a production, say, of Mozart's *Idomeneo* strikes me as scandalous.

John Dexter's valuable contributions to the production were the negative ones: his not pressing his objection to the "clutter" of realistic scenery, which made possible Jocelyn Herbert's admirably imagined succession of interiors for the two completed acts; and his not inflicting on the staging any idea of his about the work's Larger Significance. Lacking Robert Craft's exhaustive knowledge of the text and music I didn't perceive the instances he noted of "the staging . . . frequently in opposition to the music"; but I did perceive that Dr. Goll's sudden collapse and death in the first scene should have been dealt with in a way that would not have provoked the audience's laughter. However, even a better director than Dexter could not have made Carole Farley on the stage of the Metropolitan either the *femme fatale* or the mythic *Erdgeist* of Berg's imagination. Nor could as excellent a conductor as James Levine—given Farley's unimpressive vocal equipment—make her sound like them.

The bare permanent enclosure, with bits of scenery representing the scenes, that David Reppa devised for Poulenc's *Dialogues des Carmélites* cost much less than the sets of *Lulu;* but even that smaller amount was wasted when spent on a work of so little musical value. Dexter's staging on his "uncluttered" stage worked effectively; and the performance conducted by Michel Plasson—with Maria Ewing as Blanche, Régine Crespin as the dying Prioress, Shirley Verrett as the new Prioress and Mignon Dunn as Mother Marie—was a good one. As always the orchestral sonorities prevented most of the words of the English translation (by Joseph Machlis) from being understood, so that a reading of the text in advance was necessary; and one might as well have read it in preparation for a performance in French.

The 20th century will be better represented at the Metropolitan next season by Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* and Britten's *Peter Grimes;* the work of the past revived after long neglect will this time be one worth hearing, Donizetti's *La Favorita;* and not only Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* will be heard again but Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* (and in Russian). But returning with these two major works will be also Cilea's *Adrianna Lecouvreur;* French opera will be represented not by Berlioz's *Les Troyens* but by Massenet's *Thais;* with the newly staged early *Tannhäuser* of Wagner there will be not one work of his matured powers; and three operas of Puccini will be given, but only one of the four masterpieces of Mozart. I cannot imagine the Metropolitan Museum removing any of its Rembrandts or Cézannes to make room for the equivalents of *Thais* and *Adrianna Lecouvreur;* nor can I recall at the Museum any equivalents of such items of the standard operatic repertory as the works of

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Massenet, Cilea, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Giordano or even Puccini.

Toscanini once recounted how in his early years at La Scala Ricordi brought him the score of a new opera called *I Pagliacci*, which he found to be what he called a *porcheria*, a mess, and refused to conduct. But Ricordi, he said, begged him to do it because Leoncavallo was so poor; and so he did conduct "this *porcheria*," which in the 50 years that followed was performed all over the world. "But," Toscanini concluded vehemently, "*anche* today is *porcheria!*" And years later it is performed everywhere, illustrating the fact that the standard operatic repertory (like the standard orchestral or piano repertory) includes low-grade works that are listened to respectfully by people who would not read or look at their equivalents in literature or painting.

Books Considered

The Abuse of Power: The Permanent Government and the Fall of New York
by Jack Newfield and Paul DuBrul

(Viking; $12.95)

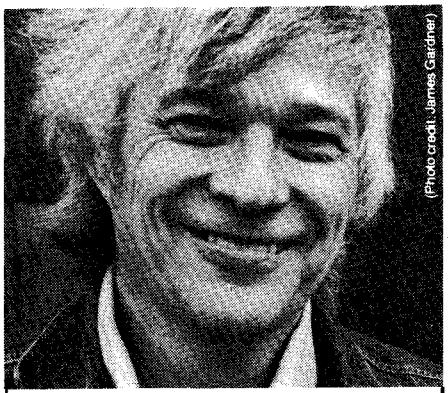
This is a furious polemic against the enemies of New York City written practically in letters of fire by two excellent investigative reporters and social critics whose passion is the healthy revival of the city they love. Unlike Mayor Beame who in late 1975 charitably asserted that "the dilemma of our city really has no villains, only victims," Newfield and DuBrul insist that "There are villains . . . men who saw what was happening, could have prevented it, and profited from the agony of millions." Their Hall of Infamy stars bankers, real estate operators, poverty entrepreneurs, Republican presidents, and local politicians.

Although Lindsay and Beame get their lumps, the former for incompetence and the latter for failure to stand up to the business and financial establishment, the author's favorite political target is Nelson Rockefeller. Steady readers of *The Village Voice* have encountered earlier versions of Rockefeller's conduct for 15 years of the state's affairs. Here again is the imperial governor determined to get reelected as often as convenient primarily by the methods of the very rich: spending to buy support. Rockefeller won the affections of nominally Democratic construction unions by turning a handful of teachers' colleges into a huge state university, erecting subsidized housing for the middle class, promoting such monstrous boondoggles as the Albany Mall and the World Trade Center, and locating in Harlem a state office building strongly opposed by the local residents.

How was all this to be paid for in a stagnating economy? None other than John Mitchell, in his prime as a bond attorney, found the answer: the moral obligation bond. This magical money machine neatly evaded the constitutional requirement that the voters approve by referendum new state capital commitments. Yet at the same time investors were reassured that the legislature was politically certain to bail out the bondholders any time their investments were menaced. Armed with this license to print money, Rockefeller hired Edward Logue, an urban planner of note in New Haven and Boston, and put him in charge of the Urban Development Corporation. UDC was just one of over 230 Rockefeller authorities, ranging from the Atomic and Space Development Authority to the United Nations' Development Corporation, which an edifice-happy governor delighted to invent. New York State's high taxes, a routine explanation for the migration of large corporations and rich individuals to tax havens elsewhere, went in increasing amounts to the state's creditors, frequently at very attractive rates of interest. The crash came in the cold January of 1975 when Hugh Carey became governor. As the near bankruptcy of the UDC revealed, the state's finances were in only marginally better shape than the city's.

The crisis erupted when it did largely by the choice of the big money market banks—Chase Manhattan, Citibank, Morgan Guaranty and their lesser brethren. Next to Rockefeller and Nixon, the bankers are our guides' favorite targets. After all, for a decade or more they had connived with successive mayors to conceal growing annual deficits. If the big banks were actually unaware of the true situation, they were culpably negligent of their depositors' and stockholders' interests. Newfield and DuBrul offer interesting evidence that bankers were quietly beginning to unload New York securities as early as 1974 out of considerations related to their disastrous loans to real estate investment trusts, tanker operators, department stores, and developing countries. Bankers renegotiate loans with large corporations and foreign governments. They told the City of New York, sorry, no more credit.

Nelson Rockefeller and the bankers had help. Developers destroyed viable neighborhoods. Nixon policies consistently favored the sunbelt states and starved the cities. Revenue sharing formulae tilted in the direction of affluent suburbs. Alone among major American cities, New York has been



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forced to finance a quarter of its welfare and medicaid burdens. The meaner southern states have been to their own poor, the more of them migrated to New York and other northern havens. Some of the municipal unions made their own contributions to the city's decline by extracting during the Lindsay years ridiculously large pension benefits, such as the policeman's option to retire after 20 years' service on half his final year's income, including overtime. As he appears here, Lindsay was an extraordinarily maladroit mayor who showered far more benefits upon the municipal unions than their great friend Robert Wagner ever dreamed of during his own three terms of office.

For average New Yorkers, argue the authors, life would probably have gone somewhat better if the city had declared formal bankruptcy two years ago. A reasonably enlightened federal judge would have been more concerned about the preservation of vital public services than The Municipal Assistance Board and the Emergency Financial Control Board have demonstrated themselves to be. As anyone who lives in and loves New York (like this distressed reviewer) will readily testify, our streets have become dirtier and more dangerous, firemen take longer to reach burning buildings, public school classes have grown larger, pot holes are deeper and more numerous, libraries are seldom open, parks are seldom cleaned, waiting time in emergency rooms has become interminable, and the promising experiment of open admissions in the City University has come to an untimely end.

The fiscal strategy imposed upon the city by Ford is a no-win affair. As city services shrink and the amenities of urban life disappear, so also does the tax base which large corporations and rich people take with them as they flee to more salubrious climes. Nor is much more help coming these days from the Carter White House. When the President postponed welfare reform to 1981 and junked three quarters of his January job stimulation program, he struck two wounding blows at the city's chances of revival.

After so many calamities, does any hope remain? Newfield and DuBrul offer a sensible list of suggestions. How many of them are politically feasible in the current conservative political climate is dubious. At the federal level, full employment policies, tax reforms to generate extra revenues for urban programs, federal supervision of welfare, and universal health insurance would help enormously both to reduce city costs and enlarge city tax receipts. A federally funded urban bank would release New York from the thrall of the big private banks. For good measure the authors advocate rebuilding railroads and restoring the port of New York, placing Consolidated Edison under municipal authority and prohibiting redlining by statute. Rent control should be retained to prevent the flight of the remaining middle class as well as to protect low-income tenants from landlord extortion. The authors are in striking agreement with Harvard's James Wilson on the handling of crime. They and he stress the need to apprehend and convict larger numbers of violent criminals and sentence them to long jail terms.

Parts of this angry phillipic were written at different times and for varied audiences. Some unevenness and repetition are inevitable. Newfield and DuBrul probably underestimate the strength of underlying economic and demographic forces which favor the sunbelt and hurt older industrial sections. Minor caveats aside, I recommend *The Abuse of Power* warmly, for, damn it, their major point is persuasive. Identifiable human beings and insensitive national policies have very nearly destroyed New York. If it is to be renewed, other human beings must do the job. Newfield and DuBrul have supplied them with a useful agenda.

Robert Lekachman

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics at Herbert H. Lehman College (CUNY) and author among other books of *Economists at Bay*.

Wallace Stevens: The Poems of Our Climate by Harold Bloom

(Cornell University Press; $17.50)

Harold Bloom is so ingenious in his speculations, and so urgently responsive to his texts, it seemed fitting to start things by an epigraph adapted from Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, *The Pirates of Penzance:*

When vocabulary duty's to be done—
To be done,
The reviewer's lot is not a happy one.

For Bloom does indeed keep us watching every word, what with his highly organized lore concerning the "post-Wordsworthian crisis-poem" and the developments of the Emerson-Whitman "American Sublime," along with his statements of indebtedness to Kabbalism, Nietzsche and Freud.

The present volume, in bringing this equipment to bear upon the poetry of Wallace Stevens, opens and closes with helpful summarizations of Bloom's theories. The 12 intervening chapters comment on particular poems by Stevens in a detailed way that may not make this the ideal text for a reader more interested in an overall characterization of Stevens's work than in close step-by-step exegesis. But Bloom's procedure does produce many expert interweavings which pay off handsomely when his discussion of Stevens (who complained of poems when "They do not make the visible a little hard/To see") culminates in Bloom's formula, "No more involuntary Transcendentalist ever existed than the Stevens of the final phase, but the text under consideration is wildly indubitably Transcendentalist." The more closely we have followed Bloom's analyses in the preceding chapters, the better equipped we are to appreciate the poignancy of the last poems where the poet, nearing his end, undergoes a turn that might be called the craftsman's equivalent of a death-bed confession.

This over-all situation which Bloom is dealing with is in its barest simplicity reducible to this:

In one sense a poet, like each of us, could be called a kind of "Solipsist." Whatever his relations to other people may be, his pleasures and pains, his immediate sensations, are his and no one else's. They are grounded in his nature as a sheerly physiological organism, his "animality" that separates him as an individual from all other animals, human or nonhuman.

His poetry, on the other hand, is grounded in a public, or social medium, involving the vast structure of "Identifications" that he acquires through language. This universe includes not just his personal relations (beginning with members of his family as he emerges from infancy, and gradually widening), but also extending to his increasing

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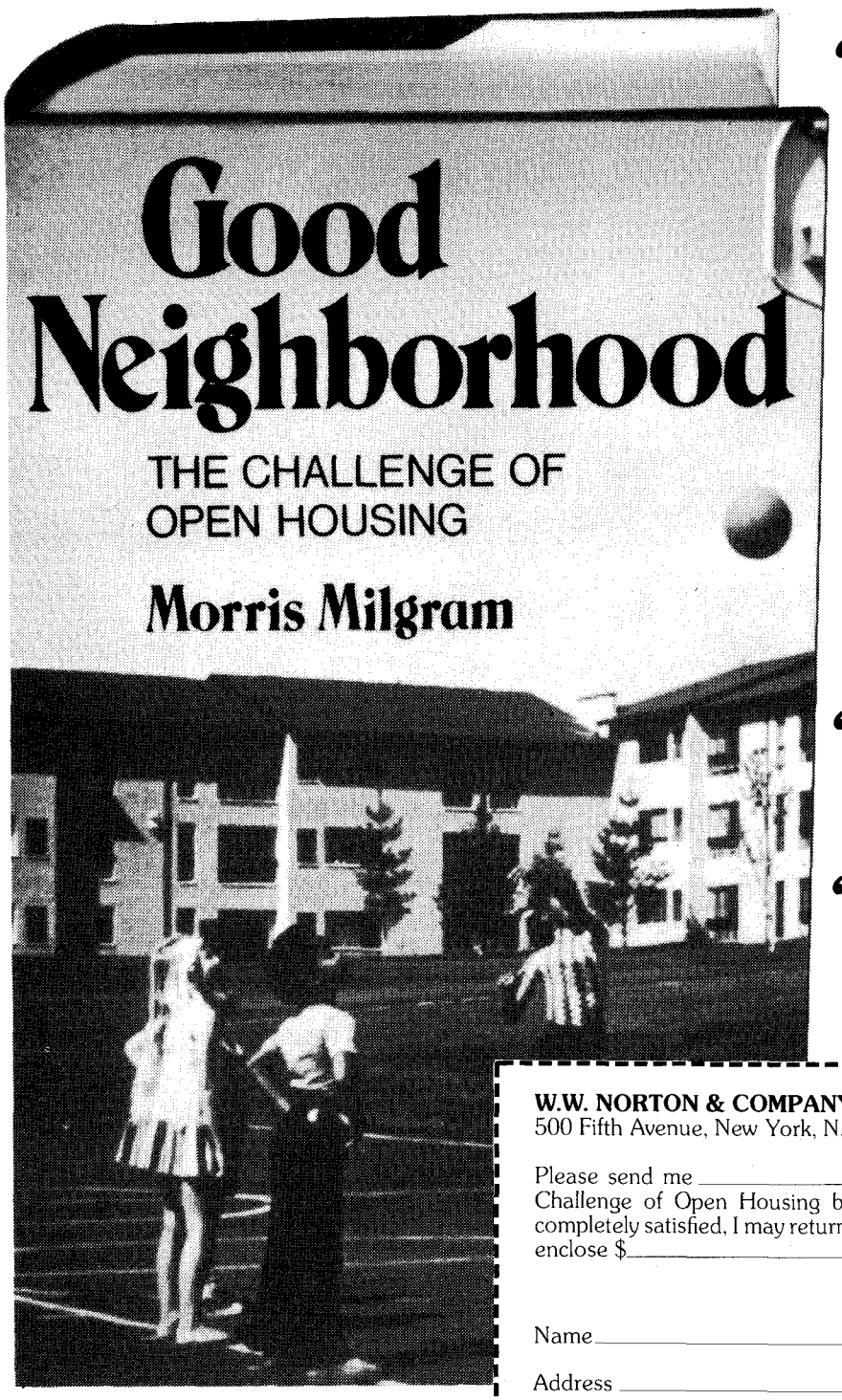

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knowledge in all its aspects (history, government, geology, geography, astronomy, etc.—a fantastically complex network of information available only to our kind of creature ("human"), so much of whose experience of "reality" is shaped by the communicative medium, language, which the poet shares with his fellows generally and which he adapts to his particular purposes as a poet.

Such localized vocation, or "Election," involves his personality as a composite of these two quite different realms, the realm of speechless physiological motion and the realm of linguistic (or more generally symbolic) action. "Symbolic" is a better word than "linguistic" or "verbal" for contrasting these two realms in the most general sense, since there are also the "languages" of other traditional symbol-systems such as painting, music, sculpture. But J. L. Austin's word "speech acts" would serve for present purposes.

Whereas the poet's medium does not have the immediacy of bodily sensation, he tries (by such resources as imagery) to give the illusion that it does. His ways of drawing upon the language of the tribe will involve him in various cooperative and competitive relationships to other poets. His hopes that his poems may survive him impinge upon the ironic fact that they can't "die" because they never "lived" in the first place, as tested by the sensations of the body. But *he* as a body will die—and on the occasion of such destiny—conscious stock-taking as a "crisis-poem," thoughts along that line will turn up, along with less radical kinds of death such as loss of love, or of professional competence.

To these three moments (the realm of immediate sensation, or physiological motion; the realm of symbolic action; the poetic personality that is a composite of the two) add the fact that by the "form" of any good poem is really meant a "transformation"—and Bloom is in there, in a big way, ever on the alert for "Crossings of Election," "Crossings of Solipsism," and "Crossings of Identification." The only trouble is that Bloom works into these three moments through actual examples, which never have the schematic simplicity of our disembodied outline.

True, it does seem to me that Stevens's persistent "reductive" concern with what he called a "First Idea" was a valiant self-defeating attempt to recover, or discover and convey (by an act of "re-imagining") the sense of an object as it would be if approached through a vision *prior* to speech and thus "beyond" speech, in the prime realm of physiological speechlessness. But in any case, Bloom's necessarily complicated study of the three "crossings" is further complicated by an adroit theory of rhetorical "tropes," the application of which leads in turn to tropes atop tropes. In Hegelian style we could class the three "moments" of our oversimplified outline thus: nonsymbolic motion would be the thesis, symbolic action the antithesis, and the poet in his "poethood" would be the synthesis. But the issue in its particularities gets us into considerations of this sort:

"A poem begins because there is an absence. An image must be given, for a beginning, and so that absence ironically is called a presence." Freud figures here because, according to Lionel Trilling, "it was left to Freud to discover how, in a scientific age, we still feel and think in figurative formulations, and to create, what psychoanalysis is, a science of tropes, of metaphore and its variants, synecdoche and metonymy." And we can add to such insight now "by tracing the derivation of Freud's formulations, from ancient rhetoric through the transitional discipline of associationist psychology. But I wish that Freud had used the ancient names, as well as the old notions, so that we could call a reaction formation what rhetorically it is, an *illusion* or simple irony, irony as a figure of speech." Where Stevens says of colors that they "Repeated themselves," the expression "requires to be read as its opposite, 'failed to repeat themselves.' . . . To get started, his lyric had to say the exact opposite of what it meant." Bloom is discussing here a poem in which "the striding night tropes upon a trope, in a metaleptic reversal, raising

Wallace Stevens by David Schorr

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the poem's final lines to an almost apocalyptic pitch of rhetoricity, of excessive word-consciousness (a "text's equivalent of human self-consciousness)." Where de Man says "to put into question," his formula equals "to undergo the process of rhetorical substitution by, as he says, 'the word,' *logos* in the sense of meaning . . . . Rhetoric, considered as a system of tropes, yields such ore readily to analysis than does rhetoric considered as persuasion, for persuasion, in poetry, takes us into a realm that also includes the lie." And we read one poet rather than another because "We believe the lies we want to believe because they help us to survive."

I could go on citing many many more passages that variously illustrate the dexterity of the truly daedalian range in which Bloom develops his intricate application of rhetorical devices for his analysis of the "post-Wordsworthian crisis-poem" And I should note that, with regard to his step-by-step analysis of particular poems, one exceptionally gratifying reward of his method is the insight derived from the tracing of key words through the whole body of Stevens's work.

Kenneth Burke

Kenneth Burke has just received the American Academy of Arts and Science's first Academy Award for Humanistic Studies.

The Other One by Colette
translated by Roger Senhouse and Elizabeth Tait

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10; paper, $2,95)

The Blue Lantern by Colette
translated by Roger Senhouse

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10; paper, $2,99)

In the eccentric volume of reminiscences and speculation Colette published in 1932, *The Pure and the Impure* (originally titled *Ces Plaisirs . . . .*) there is a passage in which Colette speaks of the child hidden in the heart of every professional writer: "a child obstinately infatuated with technique, flaunting the tricks and wiles of his trade." One of the characteristics of Colette's writing has always been its seductive nature. Her style, even in translation, is a curious achievement: sensuous, yet analytical; elliptical, allusive, 'poetic,' and yet extraordinarily frank. If she was concerned with theatrical personalities and with certain flamboyant members of the Parisian *demi-monde* it was perhaps as a consequence of her recognition of the writer's kinship with such 'professionals'. She did not imagine herself superior to her subjects, she did not set herself apart from them in judgment; except for passages in the concluding pages of her masterpiece, *The Last of Chérie*, in which one can glimpse a political and social world *out there*, beyond the airless, claustrophobic, and doomed world of Chérie's narcissism, there is remarkably little sense in Colette of a moral dimension that might deal with her characters rigorously or cruelly. If men commit suicide in Colette's work—like Chérie, like Michel of *Duo*, like one of the unfortunate homosexuals of *The Pure and the Impure*—it is never because they realize their uselessness as human beings, but only because of thwarted love. And even then it is not 'love' that destroys so much as the melancholy recognition of love's illusory nature.

That Colette should have identified with imposture of various types is not surprising. Married to the manic Willy, a self-proclaimed literary genius who was unfortunately unable to write, and who hired a stable of 'secretaries' to write his books for him, she became a writer (according to her own account) only because her husband was pressed for money; she was his most talented 'ghost' and it was to be many years before she could claim her own books—producing, after Willy's death, the original schoolgirl's notebooks in which she wrote the Claudine novels. Would she have become a writer otherwise?—would she have become 'Colette' had there been no 'Willy'? Still more astonishing is her defense of her father, another self-proclaimed writer who wrote nothing at all. In *Earthly Paradise* Colette speaks kindly of him as a born writer who left little work behind; in fact it was discovered after his death that the dozen volumes of his 'writing'—each containing as many as 300 pages—were composed of entirely blank pages, beautiful, thick, carefully trimmed papers. This was the "spiritual legacy," Colette claims, which she drew upon when she began to write under her husband's guidance.

The Other One, originally published in 1929 (as *La Seconde*), is not so striking an accomplishment as *The End of Chérie* (of 1926) nor has it the sensuous yet curiously elegiac beauty of *The Ripening Seed (Le Blé en herbe* of 1923); yet it is a considerable achievement nevertheless. Light, deft, rueful rather than ironic, *The Other One* explores the shifting network of relationships that constitute a household dominated by a successful Parisian playwright named Farou. He has been married for more than a decade to a handsome, plump, rather lazy woman named Fanny who has allowed him any number of casual mistresses and who has not *seemed* to mind his infidelities; but when it is revealed to Fanny (by her teenaged stepson) that he is having a love affair with the young woman who lives with them as his secretary, and Fanny's intimate compan-

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Collette by David Schorr

ion, she becomes uncharacteristically upset. Fanny discovers that it is not inevitable that two women must compete for a man's affections; she discovers, to her surprise, that she has become as dependent upon the young woman, Jane, as her husband himself. In fact she may be fonder of Jane than Farou is. Distraught, bewildered, she comes to the conclusion that while Farou could replace his mistress within a week she, Fanny, cannot so easily replace a close friend. And the prospect of living alone with her husband alarms her. "Two of us"—that is, two women—"are not too many to be alone with Farou—to stand up to Farou," she thinks.

Chérie kills himself not only because his former mistress Lea has grown old, and quite cheerfully old, but because he discovers that he had been, in the course of *her* promiscuous career, only one young man among a veritable army; Michel of *Duo* kills himself because his wife of a decade has committed adultery and he cannot forgive her, or forget the terms of her infidelity. Fanny, who has no identity beyond her role as a famous playwright's wife, and who has not even had a child of her own, might very well have drifted into depression and finally into suicide: but she is saved by her affection—or love—for her husband's attractive mistress. If she had succumbed to jealousy she would have been destroyed: a brief illness, however, finds her philosophical about her predicament and about the predicament of women generally. Considering marriage, she thinks of the couples she and Farou knows and tries to assess how large a share of a man women can get for themselves, and comes to the conclusion that it is a fairly small one. Does it matter? Is it so very important? Perhaps it is only a woman's pride that is damaged. Marriage is a sort of masquerade, a dance of imposters who flaunt the 'tricks and wiles' of their roles, and perhaps the crucial issue is not fidelity itself so much as an ability—an enthusiastic ability—to sustain the imposture.

Refusing to be destroyed by her husband's unfaithfulness Fanny is allowed a disturbing insight, one which Colette presents with absolute seriousness. She repudiates the 'pure religion' in favor of a more congenial, and more realistic, solution to the problem of infidelity in marriage: her heroine "turned again to the help which could spring only from an alliance, even if it was uncertain and slightly disloyal, from a feminine alliance, constantly broken by the man and constantly re-established at the man's expense. . . ." Unlike the homosexual relationship between Claudine and her husband's secret mistress Rézi, explored in meticulous detail in *The Indulgent Husband (Claudine en ménage)*, this relationship is one of friendship and companionship, an alliance against male hypocrisy. *The Other One* would seem to refer to Jane, Farou's mistress; but perhaps in a more subtle way it refers to Farou himself. Wife and mistress recognize their common bond—or common victimization—and achieve a depth of affection possibly not available to men.

Colette's disillusion with romantic love began almost immediately after her marriage to Willy, who was 15 years older than she, and widely experienced in the superficial breezy manner of Farou and of Renaud, Claudine's *maripapa;* though Colette treats adolescents sympathetically (the portrait of Philippe of *The Ripening Seed* is a particularly moving one) she is often quite contemptuous of adult men. Not that they are malicious, or willfully perverse: they are simply incapable of fidelity. As a young girl Colette discovered the tragic disparity between happiness—or the illusion of happiness—and its absence, "between love and the laborious, exhausting pastime of sex," *(Earthly Paradise)* and even her lighter novels, like *The Other One*, are qualified by this melancholy insight.

The Blue Lantern was originally published in 1949 under the title *Le Fanal bleu*. It is a superbly documented journal of a Colette "dulled with age," crippled with arthritis, yet remarkably attuned to the sensuous details of ordinary life, and informed with an ironic detachment that allows no self-pity and not even an invalid's pride in the absence of self-pity. "I ride at anchor," Colette states, "beneath the blue lantern, which is quite simply a powerful commercial lamp at the end of a lengthy extensible arm, fitted with a blue bulb and a blue paper shade." A vivid symbol of the imagination, the blue lantern is never offered as a symbol; nor are the frequently heartbreaking details of an invalid's life offered to us an anything other than "ordinary." Between the ages of 73 and 75 Colette made use of her bouts of insomnia by writing in this journal, recording her impressions of Geneva after the war, and of the younger generation (with whom she feels frequently uneasy), and of the distressing animality and brutality that characterized certain Parisian children, conditioned by the war to "jungle practices." She reminisces, recalling her many beloved friends who have died, among

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them the actress Marguerite Moreno; she records conversations with Jean Cocteau, who like herself suffered an attack of "radio fright" during a broadcast; she includes a half-dozen letters from admirers and would-be writers and the merely curious and impertinent, wondering in what spirit such letters should be read: "Is there anything to be found in them other than calm self-assurance, with above all an astounding ignorance of real life and, in contradistinction, the secret cult of the self and the crying need for publicity?"

The Blue Lantern is perhaps not so rich an autobiographical work as the various reminiscences that make up *Earthly Paradise*, but it is beautifully translated by Roger Senhouse and is for its length, an unforgettable record of that state of uneasy vigilance imposed upon an invalid by sheer physical pain and dread of further pain. Beneath the blue lantern, Colette says, her lifeline grows ever shorter and shorter, and she has become, herself, the text of her own sermon: discovering to her astonishment that her senses are atrophying and that even pain must be valued because it is symptomatic of life. An old woman, she is determined not to succumb to age, and yet she is even more determined not to play at being young. "In anticipation of the time when I shall no longer be able to move," Colette says, "I make no effort to move." Though in her own words the journal throws no light on events significant enough to astonish, it nevertheless has the power to deeply move, and to awaken in us a rather frightened sympathy for the plight of the aged and the crippled, and those who sense themselves soon to die (though in fact Colette was not to die until 1954): "Instead, then, of landing on new islands of discovery, is my course set for the open sea where there is no sound other than that of the lonely heart-beat comparable to the pounding of the surf? Rest assured, nothing is decaying, it is I who am drifting . . . . The open sea, but not the wilderness. The discovery that there is no wilderness! That in itself is enough to sustain me in triumphing over my afflictions."

In a sense she knows herself immortal, even as her hand begins to tremble. She knows herself beyond the "tricks and wiles" of imposture, having discovered that so long as she lives she will write,—something in her will demands its expression. In all humility she recognizes the fact that for her there is no other destiny.

. . . When does writing have an end? What is the warning sign? A trembling of the hand? I used to think that it was the same with the completed book as with other finished ploys, you down tools and raise the joyful cry "Finished!", then you clap your hands only to find pouring from them grains of sand you believed to be precious. That is the moment when, in the figures inscribed by those grains of sand, you may read the words "To be continued . . . ."

The great theme of Colette's work is the tragedy of mutability: the innocent, brutal delight all lovers take in sensual pleasure, and the broken and bewildered aftermath of that pleasure when it becomes clear that what has been so passionately worshipped is, if not illusory, ruthlessly ephemeral. Human beings do not possess beauty but are possessed by it, as precarious in their substance as the play of sunlight and shadow upon one of Colette's meticulously observed landscapes. The most haunting beauty owes its genesis (and its inhuman power) to the imagination that dwells upon it, for the lover is a kind of artist, endowing his beloved with qualities not his own; and as the yearning soul of the lover is projected onto and defined by the beloved, so is human happiness bound up with that feat of the imagination that surpasses any activity of conscious will. It is appropriate, then, that the artist Colette—who has spoken of herself as psychologically bisexual in *The Pure and the Impure*, half-complaining of a "genuine mental hermaphroditism which burdens certain highly complex human beings"—should come to see herself finally as not only asexual but curiously and profoundly selfless: no longer burdened by the "intractable, lordly senses" she has praised and feared throughout her life but illuminated by a destiny she could not have anticipated, and surely could not have denied.

Joyce Carol Oates

Joyce Carol Oates's most recent book is a novel, *Childwold* (Vanguard).

Infants of the Spring by Anthony Powell

(Heinemann; £5)

Anthony Powell may enjoy the most peculiar reputation of any novelist writing in English. Although many well-read Americans have apparently never heard of him, for others his recently completed 12-novel series, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, is the most sophisticated chronicle of modern life we have. Both admirer and uninitiate will be disappointed if they go to this first volume of memoirs expecting to learn anything directly about Powell the man or the writer. They will find instead a puzzling volume as artful as any of his fictions and employing many of the same devices—a vastly clever and informative narrative that deliberately plays with and perhaps even mocks its readers.

Powell belongs to the great generation of British writers who came to maturity just after World War I. Many, including Waugh, Betjeman, Connolly, Orwell and Muggeridge, were Powell's friends and as a group they have been especially attracted to autobiography. The titles of Malcolm Muggeridge's *Chronicles of Wasted Time* and Graham Greene's *A Sort of Life* suggest decline and failure and Powell's own general title is similarly understated and weary: *To Keep the Ball Rolling*. This entire generation was marked by having experienced the extinction of the privileged England of their childhoods which was replaced by a completely different post-war world. Some, like Greene and Orwell, welcomed the change, at least in theory, while Waugh's reaction was the most bitter: "To have been born into a world of beauty, to die amid ugliness, is the common fate of all us exiles." Such nostalgic feeling for the past is less evident in these memoirs than in Powell's novels, but perhaps it lies behind a long first chapter on genealogy (complete with chart). Many autobiographies open with the author's ancestors, but few begin in 1132.

Powell is less forthcoming about himself than about his ancestors and adopts many strategies to avoid self-revelation. His elegant sentences are not the tools for inner probing; he maintains in his prose the cool exterior we see in

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the book's photographs and willingly confesses nothing. Yet there are frustrating clues of a more turbulent inner life. Powell clearly has no warm feeling for his emotional father (who may be the cause of his own extreme detachment), but all he will allow himself are indirect judgments, harsh in their brevity: "He was never able to make up his mind whether success or failure in a son was the more inimical." Likewise, near the end of his section on Oxford, Powell admits that although he has recorded mostly colorful activities, "a great deal of my time was spent in a state of deep melancholy." Was this simply a fashionable adolescent pose or does it reveal something essential about the man? Powell will not say. And yet, as these examples suggest, Powell is often frank about his secretiveness. He mentions a chance meeting sometime in the late 1950s with Henry Yorke (the novelist Henry Green), with whom he was once close. After recalling events from their now-cooled friendship, Yorke, almost in tears, declared that he was not well and insisted that he would soon die. Powell then observes: "I felt rather upset after this encounter. It was the last time I saw him. He died in 1974." Which is the more amazing: the flat refusal to explore still-powerful emotions or the disjunctive style which demands that the reader recognize that refusal?

Powell sees his function as observing the actions of others—a stance perhaps more successful in a novel than in memoirs. *Infants of the Spring* could be the autobiography of Nicholas Jenkins, the reticent, almost emotionless narrator of the *Music of Time*. In both books the narrator remains hidden behind a literary structure of great skill and wit. Throughout these memoirs Powell self-consciously plays with the reader like the novelist he is. He gives us a warning of what he is doing by recalling one of the favorite practical jokes of his paternal grandfather, who liked to "thrust a walking-stick suddenly between the shins of the companion strolling beside him; safely catching the victim, as he heeled over, just before reaching the ground." Powell himself is more intellectual, but no less upsetting in his jokes. He decries at length the tendency of novel-readers to suppose that a fictional character is ever an accurate portrait of any real person, but later boasts that he once met "in the flesh" the model for the most famous character in Waugh's *Decline and Fall*, Captain Grimes. He further teases us by mentioning many people who contributed some trait or incident to various of his own characters without once discussing his most memorable character, the odious Kenneth Widmerpool, about whom we are the most curious. Though Powell adroitly eludes us with these deliberate trippings, which are entertaining in themselves, he rewards us with what he says about others.

Given his intricacies of style and multi-volumed novels, Powell might be thought a throwback to the Victorians, but *Infants of the Spring* makes clear that his true literary ancestors are to be found in the 17th century: especially John Aubrey, the author of the *Brief Lives* and the subject of Powell's one nonfiction book. He shares Aubrey's taste for the odd and quirky and his intricate, witty style. In *John Aubrey and His Friends* Powell asserts that Aubrey "contemplated the life around him as if in a mirror . . . scarcely counting himself as one of the actors on the stage." This is, of course, Powell's own method. In further imitation of Aubrey, Powell's accounts of his time at Eton and Oxford quickly become a series of brief lives. The full-length portraits of Yorke and George Orwell, good friends of his youth and middle age respectively, are curiously the most distant and belittling. Although he clearly admires Orwell and was a stout friend during his last years, Powell's long assessment remains annoyingly condescending. He records Orwell's repressed dandyism, his self-dramatizing and near-paranoic fantasies, his guilts and posings, as if discussing a child or some other not fully responsible person. Powell's views are interesting, but missing is any sense of affection for Orwell, which we know there was from Orwell's letters; Powell does not here make us believe that he even much liked the man.

Powell's accounts of more casual acquaintances, where there is no question of strong emotion, are completely successful, as if the added distance had improved his perspective. We are given brilliant, and often touching, portraits of a whole cast of minor figures including Oxford dons, an eccentric bookseller, and his father's army friends. Though he lacks Aubrey's sexual frankness, Powell has his taste for rackety (a favorite Powellism) goings-on and personalities, what he calls "the vast extent of human oddness." With Powell as with Aubrey it is the stories not the life that one remembers best. One of my favorite incidents, because it seems so like Powell's own manner, concerns Gilbert Murray, the Oxford classicist. Asked by

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a distinguished visitor if he were interested in incest, Murray replied, "Only in a very general sort of way." *Infants of the Spring* certainly fails as a conventional autobiography, but succeeds as a sort of anti-autobiography: an entertaining puzzle full of good stories about others. As the book ends, Powell is preparing to leave Oxford for London, his marriage and first novels still before him. We have to wait for the next volume to discover if he can conceal his maturity as interestingly as he has his youth.

C. David Benson

C. David Benson teaches literature at the University of Colorado at Boulder.

The Río Loja Ringmaster by Lamar Herrin

(Viking; $10)

Dick Dixon stands on the pitching mound of a scabrous ballfield in Río Loja, Mexico. He is one out away from a no-hitter, the first of his career. Just a year before, Dixon had almost single-handedly won the World Series for the Cincinnati Brewmasters. Now he has bid farewell to the majors and is in another country, playing with second-rate Mexicans in a scraggly bush league.

Toeing the rubber, Dixon thinks of the ancient Aztec sport of *tlachtli*. When a player would hip or knee a small rubber ball through a narrow stone ring—the rarely attained object of the game—the proceedings would halt, and spectators, teammates, opponents and umpires would all disrobe, singing the praises of the hero and showering him with wealth. If he can retire the final batter, Dixon muses, he will become a happy man; he will be a Río Loja ringmaster.

Thus the first chapter of Lamar Herrin's first novel. It is a strong chapter, and seems a starting point in more than one way: I imagine it as *The Río Loja Ringmaster*'s genesis. That is to say, like Bellow's Mr. Sammler being accosted by the black pickpocket of the Riverside Drive bus, or Joan Didion's Maria endlessly cruising the LA freeways, Dick Dixon's last stand offers a highly suggestive scene that dramatically tells us a great deal about a character, and from which the rest of the novel might well have sprung. But where the remainder of *Mr. Sammler's Planet* and *Play It as It Lays* each fulfill the promise of the germinal situation—exploring the character's depths, convincingly demonstrating how the central moment was arrived at, and even venturing an interpretation of the figure's relationship to society—Herrin's book goes swiftly downhill after its beginning.

A two-sided time sequence commences: Some chapters (third person, past tense) describe Dick's life before the attempted no-hitter—an episode from his childhood, his college days, his pennant-winning Brewmaster season, his gradual dissatisfaction with baseball and his wife, Lorraine—while the others (in Dick's voice and the present tense) detail what follows from it. The reader, besides being chronologically confused, remains in the dark as to why Dick has forsaken the trappings of his life and come to Mexico, why this game is so crucial to him, and exactly what Herrin is up to.

Of the several reasons for our disappointment, not the least is the pitcher himself. A subspecialty of American literature is the first person—Ishmael, Huck Finn, Nick Carraway, Augie March—and the opening lines of *The Río Loja Ringmaster* suggest that Dick Dixon might belong to this select company:

"I know all about walls. Candide had a wall around his garden. Jonah had a whale wall deep down in midpassage. Meursault had his wall of sun. Bartleby, Melville's man, had his cubicle and his staring wall. The wall I had was green, a deep omnivorous green, and as silencing as a battleship lying just off shore."

Unfortunately, Dick's ironic, literate and original voice is simply not justified. From all external evidence, in fact, he is rather dull. His unimpressiveness effectively does away with any Hemingwayesque significance (Papa is alluded to more than a couple of times) that might be accorded his flight at the height of his glory, his general dissatisfaction, his athletic aspirations. We cannot, in short, believe that Dixon is an honorable man, wounded by the world, who is trying to salvage a moment of nobility in the artificial arena of sport, or, indeed, that an entire novel should be devoted to him. The result is a crippling (for Herrin) vacuum between word and deed, and a serious undercutting of the novel's force.

A second, equally serious problem, is Herrin's lack of focus. He appears undecided, for example, whether he wants to be abstract or representational. On the one hand, some of the characters are blatant caricatures, the tone is playful and artificial, and the book is so divorced from a particular social reality that it could (except for a bushy-haired radical) take place in any of the past 25 years. On the other, we are expected to take a strong personal interest in Dick's naturalistically treated psychic and physical odyssey.

Morover, the collapse of the first, crucial moment slackens any formal

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tensions the novel could have had: It quickly degenerates into unconnected segments. Some of them work well—like the sensuous evocation of Mexico and the skillful, exciting narrative of the climax of Dick's last big-league season. More are failures—like a long lament by Lorraine, the tedious account of Dick's two Mexican love affairs, the revolutionary's bizarre scheme to blow up the Brewmaster's ballpark, and a foolish dream scene that closes the book. All are simply there—more ornamental than organic.

But I would venture to say that Herrin first ran aground, and brought on most of his troubles, when he decided to write a baseball book. Fiction about the national pastime tend to fall into two categories: sentimental but compelling kids' stories, in the manner of Joe Archibald and John R. Tunis, and fantastic sporting allegories, like Robert Coover's *The Universal Baseball Association, J. Henry Waugh, Prop.* Herrin is excluded from the former by virtue of his adult market (although I, for one, would have preferred a straight-up story). As for the latter, Dick himself rejects a friend's advice to make baseball his "'guiding metaphor.' Lester was too literary. Baseball was his [Dick's] rock, referable to nothing." Besides, Herrin still has enough Hemingway in him to balk at giving up the primacy of his main character. Baseball forces the author into an unhappy no man's land: We never learn *why* the game is so significant, and it becomes very heavy narrative dead weight.

Herrin and his characters pick up some pretty interesting topics for discussion in the course of the novel—innocence versus experience, the implications of the ironic view of life, imprisonment, the nature of foreignness, and, indeed, the meaning of baseball—but perforce drop them; *The Río Loja Ringmaster* lacks an adequate frame for thematic development. And with no place to go, Herrin's considerable flights of language and characterization languish as well.

By the way, Dick doesn't get his no-hitter. It is the first disappointment in a book that holds quite a few.

Ben Yagoda

Ben Yagoda is assistant editor of *The New Leader*.

Whitey and Mickey: A Joint Autobiography of the Yankee Years by Whitey Ford, Mickey Mantle, and Joseph Durso

(Viking; $8.95)

In baseball, a sport in which everything is out in the open and clearly visible, if a pitcher works a nine-inning game he is in public view for more than an hour. Similarly, when a batter hits a home run he does it all by himself, and there is ample time to watch him do so. And so on.

One result is that individual major league baseball stars stand out as characters, with very distinct and observable personalities, and each spring there are usually a half-dozen or so books like this one, published at the commencement of each season, in which we get the life and times of such individuals, "as told to" this or that professional writer—in this instance Joseph Durso.

I have read several of Durso's endeavors along this line in the past. He makes much use of the tape recorder, the literary possibilities of which were first exploited by Jerry Kramer of the Green Bay football Packers some years back. Durso edits and splices, gilds the lily when appropriate, and the result is, this time, a fascinatingly mindless account of what it meant to two young men of great talent, much appetite, and little introspection to become suddenly rich, famous, and Yankees.

There is comparatively little about baseball as such in this book. This is as it should be, for neither Mickey Mantle nor Whitey Ford thought or think very much about baseball. They didn't have to meditate on the game; they played it. Dr. Mantle hit 536 home runs, Dr. Ford won 236 American League games. Dr. Mantle took part in 12 Worlds Series, in the course of which he hit 18 more home runs, while Dr. Ford pitched in 10 of them, winning 10 games while losing eight.

When not thus engaged, what they did most of the time was Live It Up, and this is the principal concern of their "autobiography." They did such fascinatingly ingenious things as, having missed the team bus from Baltimore to Washington, chartering a taxicab, stopping en route and procuring a supply of fireworks, and firing them off both while inside the taxicab and later in the hotel room in Washington. Ah yes. Or—to quote Dr. Mantle's remarks at the ceremony at Cooperstown when the two of them were inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame—invest in a chain of Mickey Mantle Fried Chicken dispensaries, for Dr. Mantle himself contributed the slogan: "To get a better piece of chicken, you'd have to be a rooster." But the best story in this jokebook involves a fishing expedition in Florida, in which a group of Yankee players chartered a boat to do some Gulf Stream trolling. Joe Page, a relief pitcher of talent back in the late 1940s, went below decks to take a nap, whereupon Snuffy Stirnweiss tied a wash bucket onto Dr. Page's line, trailed it far enough behind the boat so that considerable resistance was set up, then awakened Dr. Page to tell him that he had a bite on his line.

Dr. Page installed himself in his fighting chair, was strapped in, then proceeded to wrestle with his ferocious catch for an hour or more, while the charter boat captain occasionally sped up the boat to make it appear that the fish was taking line.

Finally the semi-exhausted Dr. Page got the bucket within 30 feet of the stern, until he could see the top of the pail. "Look at the mouth on that son of a bitch," he exulted.

It takes, as they say, all kinds. This particular kind takes us deep into the hearts and minds of two American athletic heroes, as they look back nostalgically at those great days when Casey Stengel was in his managerial prime and Yogi Berra was behind the plate and Toots Shor was in full bloom, and all seemed well with the New York Yankees, General Motors, and the Republican party, in that order. One is grateful to Durso for encouraging Dr. Mantle and Dr. Ford to gather together these cherished memoirs in tape-

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recorded autobiography. The work is prefaced by a quotation from *Henry V*: "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers." Such noble words by the King upon the eve of Agincourt seem a trifle overwrought for this chronicle of booze and bullion. Some words by ex-Prince Hal's onetime boon companion Sir John Falstaff would have been more appropriate: "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow."

Louis D. Rubin, Jr.

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Brief Reviews

Twentieth Century Czechoslovakia: The Meaning of Its History by Josef Korbel

(Columbia University Press; $14.95)

Three times in recent history a free Czechoslovakia was betrayed; and each time simultaneously by its tyrant neighbors, its putative friends, and its own leaders. Josef Korbel, who served in Eduard Benes' foreign service, has written a meticulous and vivid account of this tragic and yet not altogether exceptional 30-year sequence. It has been the affliction (or is it something more like a special destiny?) of the Czechs and Slovaks that their hopes are regularly dashed by the boot of armed ideologies. Some of this, of course, is simple geography. A small and relatively advanced country vulnerable and exposed either to the red or to the black has allies who will do no more than mouth rhetoric, composed mostly to cover up their true silence. And the emerging nation's own heroes, so intent on the decencies, cannot muster the courage to resist their oppressors. Thomas Masaryk said he chose "Jesus, not Caesar." But his epigones were to behave as if there were no real Caesars; and if perchance there happened to be, they would easily be tamed by the exemplary power of the conciliatory spirit. Masaryk's son Jan joined the Communist government established by the putsch of February 1948; within months, Soviet agents pushed him from a window to his death. The long and cruel winter for Czechoslovak liberty and dignity had begun—again. The Prague spring, two decades later, lasted but months.

Korbel writes with that particular detachment common to those whose passion is a passion for the truth that teaches. But he is not a neutral observer. Like Camus who felt the wounds of Spain and France and Algeria on his own body, the author does not hide his stigmata. They are the stuff of his people's history. A scholar so judicious as Korbel does not, of course, exhort to contemporary analogies. But a reader cannot help but make them. Why do democrats yearn to trust those schooled in totalitarian vision and discipline as partners in government? It is a question addressed backward to 1948 and also to the optimistic interlocutors for Eurocommunism today. We are told, to be sure, that Italy and France would not now submit to dictatorship. Why, then, had they done so before? Who thought, moreover, that the Czechs—with more than 500 years of Jan Hus's rebellious spirit as their national patrimony—would capitulate so easily to a gangster minority? In 1968 when the fraternal armies of the Warsaw Pact invaded the country, President Johnson called a midnight meeting of the National Security Council which said little and did nothing. And Harold Wilson spoke for the democratic West: "whatever the tragic disappointment of the last few days . . . we all know that the only future for the world rests upon continuing to work for detente between East and West." There are many lessons in this response, and the tyrants will learn them best.

Good Neighborhoods: The Challenge of Open Housing by Morris Milgram

(Norton; $10.95)

Morris Milgram is a driven man. He is driven by a vision, which might make you assume that he'll be remembered (or forgotten) only as a failed dreamer. He won't. What moves him to his obsessive work is the vivid image of an integrated society: in residential neighborhoods primarily, where familiarity with the other might breed nonchalance, that indispensable component of genuine tolerance. What makes Milgram interesting is that he has a strategy (several strategies in fact) to achieve a salt and pepper housing pattern. He has invested much of his capital and that of others to turn hopes to facts. Can his strategies develop into guiding master plans for housing nationally? Or are they destined to be pilot projects, unemulated and merely testimony to the enormous inventiveness that propels men and women of goodwill into action? He treats these issues soberly and without much self-serving. At the same time, his book is an act of justice, retrieving for history the idealism of white businessmen like the late Irving J. Fain of Providence or of Richard Russell in Hartford (whose wish for personal anonymity Milgram respects but which, in my view, Clio should not warrant.) In that sense, it is a book that blacks should read lest they continue to promote the false view that they are without sincere allies. *Good Neighborhoods* is a "do-it-yourself" manual for white integrationists locally, but is also a challenge—not quite a blueprint—for those who make public policy.

A Will to Survive text and photographs by John Philips

(Dial Press/James Wade; $14.95)

This is the photography of truth—stark and beautiful; a memoir of war, death and exile, and also survival, hope and return. John Philips's account of the day the besieged ancient Jewish quarter of Jerusalem fell to the Arab Legion retrieves for negligent memory what, for a shade less than 3000 years, Jewry and the City of David have meant to each other.

The war pictures evoke the best of Robert Capa, who like Philips did his work as a *Life* staffer. Even on the run amidst mortar and grenades, Philips is a master at composition. His images are stunning, but not in the way of David McCallum's work, for example, where the horror and distortion of violence so overwhelm us that the victims are

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almost pushed, perhaps defensively, into the other world before they've breathed their last. Philips sees life even past the end: a loaf of bread waiting to be eaten near the covered body of a man taken for dead, a young lad who survived the war of independence and lived to fight in three others. He died on the eighth day of the last one.

Philips and his wife have found 51 of those men and women who were caught by his camera on May 28, nearly 30 years ago. Their search itself is a tale. The photographer has now shown them into their present, older but aware that they were there at a fateful moment for their people. In a text as vivid and precise as his photographs, Philips tells us not only of history but of process. It is Israel's story: Sabras and immigrants, refugees from the holocaust and from the Moslem overlords throughout the Levant, orthodox, heretical and indifferent, a shopkeeper, butcher, bus driver; housewives, school teachers, physicians, academics; a journalist, maintenance man, pastry chef, fruit vendor, ambassador and a tax collector. Ten years ago this month, the people were reunited with their city. This book may help us grasp why they will never part with it again.

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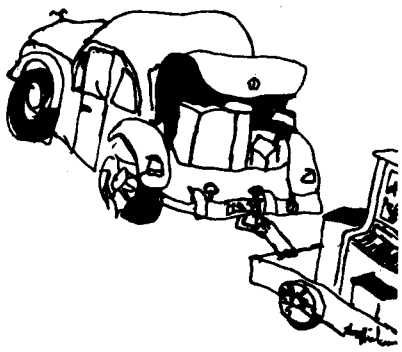

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Vietnam: The Unforgettable Tragedy by Joseph Buttinger

(Horizon Press; $8.95)

Historical reliability is not a characteristic one ordinarily associates with a memoir—not unless, that is, it is a memoir of so unflinchingly honest and honorable a person as Joseph Buttinger. To be sure, Buttinger's scholarly credentials on Indochina, at least among Americans, are impeccable. His three books on Vietnam (and an earlier one on Austrian social democracy) have established him as a scrupulous and conscientious commentator on the ethical dimensions of political policy. But he is not simply a theorist in the central European tradition to which he was born; his is a skeptical intelligence which sifts and organizes the facts. This is shrewd historical analysis enhanced by individual involvement.

The first part of the book, dealing with the 20 years after World War II, is, oddly, the freshest. For it was within this period that Buttinger was himself a participant in Vietnamese history. As committed a democrat as he was a Socialist, he aimed to help guide his friends in Vietnam safely between Asian Communism and Asian despotism. Ngo Dinh Diem was the particular vessel for his hopes, which retrospectively seems worse than silly. But Diem meant hope for many informed and concerned liberals, who—in addition to Cardinal Spellman and his claque—constituted, at least until the Pentagon made him a priority cause, his most important American interlocutors. Hoping against hope, Buttiner saw both the moral and political disaster of America's war for Vietnam's *ancien régime*. His story is also the story of his own mistakes.

The rest of the book is more conventional, certainly in its sources. But traces of irony deepen the insights. On one point Buttinger stakes out significant independent ground—implicitly against the peace movement, more explicitly against the US government. He argued compellingly then, and argues now, that a political settlement was possible, and also preferable to a démarche that would end in a clear-cut victory for one side. But absolute ends require absolute means, which is why much of the American left has on its record having rooted in Vietnam and Cambodia for the gangsters of ideology. It is also why the American collapse will read in history as among the ugliest of national crimes.

Certain People: America's Black Elite by Stephen Birmingham

(Little, Brown; $8.95)

Here, for once, is a specialized field in which improvisation does as well as fact, or better. Not that the subject doesn't merit serious attention. It does; the available material will make a rich lode for future social scientists and careful (though not necessarily unpopular) writers. But Birmingham is a captive of his own method, which relies on stereotypes to carry his narrative. Racial and ethnic stereotyping is his metier, and with this book has done more than anyone since Fred Allen to keep it alive as a substitute for understanding. The author is a stranger to research, certainly as the word is commonly used, save the research of gossip columnists who count a random remark or reminiscence as conclusive evidence. He does not know whether there is a difference between an elite and an upper class, and he doesn't seem to care. He also doesn't know very much about black history.

There is so much of substance he could have tackled. Is a black elite now emerging out of the best colleges and universities into the humane professions? If so, what are its numbers? How is it likely to affect the wider black struggles for accomplishment and acceptance? Are there analogies that might help us think these issues through? These questions don't occur to Birmingham. Even his selection of photographs is desultory. This book may or may not turn out to be a bestseller. Either way the author has flubbed a great chance with a grand subject.

Martin Peretz

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Robin Winks on Mysteries

Justice Ends at Home and Other Stories by Rex Stout edited by John McAler (Viking; $8.95)
The Vidocq Dossier by Samuel Edwards (Houghton Mifflin; $7.95)
Superculture: American Popular Culture and Europe edited by C. W. E. Bigsby (Elek; £4.50)
Innocence and Arsenic: Studies in Crime and Literature by Albert Borowitz (Harper & Row; $8.95)
The Mystery Story edited by John Ball (The Mystery Library; $10.95)
Exit Sherlock Holmes by Robert Lee Hall (Scribners; $7.95)
The Affair of the Blood-Stained Egg Cosy by James Anderson (McKay-Washburn; $6.95)
An Annotated Guide to the Works of Dorothy L. Sayers by Robert B. Harmon and Margaret A. Burger (Garland; $26)
Classic Crimes: A Selection from the Works of William Roughhead introduced by Julian Symons (Vintage; $4.95)
King Kill by Thomas Gavin (Random House; $10)
The Soul Hit by Charlie Haas and Tim Hunter (Harper & Row; $7.95)
The Diehard by Jon A. Jackson (Random House; $6.95)
The Farnsworth Score by Rex Burns (Harper & Row; $7.95)
Gideon's Drive by J.J. Marric (Harper & Row; $7.95)
Doctor, Lawyer . . . by Collin Wilcox (Random House; $6.95)
The Trouble in Hunter Ward by Josephine Bell (Walker; $6.95)
The Secret of Fire 5 by Jack Olsen (Random House; $8.95)
Schroeder's Game by Arthur Maling (Harper & Row; $7.95)
In the Frame by Dick Francis (Harper & Row; $8.95)

Detective fiction and the common law have this much in common today: they are both looking to the past to determine the future. Edward Coke could have been writing of the new detective crop for 1977 when he enjoined us to "Now peruse our ancient authors, for out of the old fields must come the new corn." Or, with more matter, less art, 1977 already is the year of nostalgia. Since one man's nostalgia is another man's scholarship, we may be nearly to midpoint in an *annus mirabilis* in which the universities have discovered the mystery story. It is too early to say whether the results will be as deplorable as we have a right to fear. But at least we won't have Edmund Wilson to kick around any more, since the publication of his letters to F. Scott Fitzgerald in the *New York Review of Books* in February have proved what many of us thought all along: Wilson was too literal minded to appreciate Roger Ackroyd. What else can one conclude of a critic who confesses that he did not at first realize that Irma Buttle was a pseudonym? How Victor Purcell would have liked that.

The signs of scholarship are all about us. A new "Journal of Theory and Analysis," *The Popular Culture Scholar*, from Frostburg State College in Maryland, devoted its first number to "Mystery/Suspense Fiction" and included articles by such practitioners as Brian Garfield and Robert B. Parker, as well as "A Study of Religious Types in Detective Fiction," which was largely about (surprise!) Chesterton. Since the editor defined "popular culture" as "the elements of contemporary life in any era"—as maladroit a definition as I've seen in a long while—we presumably can count on an issue devoted to nuclear physics soon. *The Journal of Popular Culture* (not to be confused with the *PCS* above) continues to devote space regularly to detective writers (most recently John D. MacDonald), the *Times Literary Supplement* has a number of pieces on the genre, and *The Armchair Detective* is now into its fourth printed issue, having abandoned the mimeographed and laboriously stapled manner of its earlier numbers. This "Quarterly Journal Devoted to the Appreciation of Mystery, Detective and Suspense Fiction" is still edited by Allen J. Hubin, but one now petitions to receive it from 243 Twelfth Street, Del Mar, California, by sending a $10 bill for a year's subscription. A cross between a serious journal—with articles on Len Deighton, Margery Allingham and Fredric Brown, and interchanged letters which all appear to have been written by the same person under different names ("I just loved your piece on Ngaio Marsh in the last *TAD*, but I thought that you would want to know that Ngaio is a Maori name for a flower . . . ."),—and a fanzine, this immensely useful, fanatically accurate, and thus beguilingly amateur publication has now spawned The Mystery Library. (I have just received "A Contribution to the Psychoanalytic Study of the Modern Hero: The Case of James Bond," a La Trobe University Sociology Paper [no. 28], by Richard Trahair, so further scholarly comment must wait.)

The Mystery Library is issued, the books state, by the University of California Extension, San Diego. They come to subscribers only, once a month, and the titles are selected by an excellent editorial board that includes Howard Haycraft, Allen Hubin, Francis Nevins, Otto Penzler, James Sandoe, and Phyllis Whitney, as well as Ellery Queen; John Ball is the Editor-in-Chief. Three titles have appeared so far, each at $5.95, and although the binding and type remind one of those book clubs one joins by returning a card that has fallen out of a Sunday supplement, the standard of proof-reading is high and the overall effect rather charming (except for some absolutely appalling illustrations). The first three books are *The New Shoe*, by Arthur W. Upfield; *The Crooked Hinge*, by John Dickson Carr; and *The Circular Staircase*, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Assuming these are the right three authors with which to begin, the choices are as good as any, and while the mystery is relatively slight in every case, the locales are well realized and the sense of déjà vu (from 1952, 1938 and 1908 respectively) is not unpleasant. Each has been supplied with some

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scholarly "apparatus," not consistent from volume to volume—John Ball provides a useful introductory essay on the Australian, Upfield, and a number of unnecessary footnotes that remind the reader, for instance, that seasons are reversed in Australia as seen from the Northern Hemisphere; and there is a full listing of Upfield's work, reprinted from *The Armchair Detective,* and a map of Australia showing the settings for the 33 books. Robert Briney's introduction to Carr's work, and the checklist of Carr's books, are valuable and partially offset the incredible idiocies of Carr's plotting—ah, if Edmund Wilson had only chosen to read *this* book first! Phyllis Whitney provides a most perfunctory introduction to the Rinehart, to which is appended a hodge-podge of other materials. In all, the series is promising, and it may be as good a way as any to begin a systematic collection.

The other good way has been mentioned in these pages before: the Garland library of *Fifty Classics of Crime Fiction, 1900-1950,* as selected by Jacques Barzun and Wendell Hertig Taylor. The printing is not good, the prefaces are only a page or two, and the price is high. But the selection is sound, the conception intelligent, and as a basic library one could hardly do better (even at $550 for the lot). These are reprints in the most literal sense of the word, down to retaining an important and misleading misprint in the Max Carrados stories of Ernest Bramah, and one volume—*Classic Stories of Crime and Detection*—of short stories by such worthies as Belton Cobb, Leonard Gribble, and Thomas Sigismund Stribling must have been selected with tongue in cheek, for there is no human way for them to be worse. And then one finds Nicholas Blake's *Minute for Murder* among the resurrected and knows that all is going to be as it should be.

Scholarship is beating its dusty wings over our heads in other ways as well. John McAler, who is nearing the end of a biography of Rex Stout, has brought together the pre-Nero Wolfe stories by Stout, written between 1913 and 1917, as *Justice Ends at Home and Other Stories,* and while most of these pieces are a bit embarrassing, they also show signs of Wolfe and, more often, of Archie Goodwin. Jens Peter Becker has examined the influence of the American hard-boiled school on European detective fiction in a perceptive collection of essays edited by C.W.E. Bigsby, *Superculture.* Samuel Edwards has written "the story of the world's first detective," Francois Eugène Vidocq, and while the presentation is rather choppy, it is nonetheless fascinating. Albert Borowitz has brought several of his essays together in *Innocence and Arsenic,* and while some—"The Jackal and I, or How to Do Research in London"—are either naive or silly or both, others—"Salieri and the 'Murder' of Mozart" and a long piece on C.P. Snow and Pamela Hansford Johnson on the Moors Murder Case—are very good indeed. Best of all is a collection on *The Mystery Story,* edited by John Ball, and produced by the same group responsible for what is threatening to become a factory, The Mystery Library. A series of essays on "The Amateur Detectives," "The Private Eye" "The Ethnic Detective," "The Spy in Fact and Fiction," etc., this is something of a primer for those who know relatively little about the literature and who are well disposed toward it.

Enough of the scholars. One book this quarter-year has given me more pleasure than any other, and in its own way it too is a work of loving scholarship, but it is also much more. Despite the appearance of a number of mock Sherlock Holmes volumes of late, Robert Lee Hall has proven, in his first book, that there is room for more: *Exit Sherlock Holmes* is as nice a piece of marzipan as one will encounter. The recipe is by now a well known one: yet another manuscript written by Dr. John Watson has been discovered, this time in a battered tin box. The manuscript is so startling in what it reveals about the relationship between Holmes and Moriarty, some time was spent by the author in authentication. At last he can now let the world know of the great detective's final days. Further, some of the early cases ("The Musgrave Ritual," for example) are revealed to be hoaxes. The nature of Holmes's early life, and of his death, are at last explained.

All of this could be entirely too precious. Many have tried to tread these boards and failed, but Hall brings it all off triumphantly. This is so because he is so obviously enjoying himself, and because he has done his research with such care. The claustrophobic air of Holmes's lodgings have seldom been so well recounted (even though we are told of the beloved gasogene three times), Holmes's reliance on Watson's dogged loyalty and slow brain has seldom been so well used, and the close interweaving of fact from the Holmes canon with fodder from the post-Holmes mill has never been so skillful. The conclusion may irritate some purists, and there is an odd slip over the Bruce-Partington Plans, but otherwise everything is made to fall into place with great elan. Hall clearly used his *Sherlock Holmes Commentary,* compiled in 1972 by D. Martin Dakin, with great skill, and while he goes astray on Holmes's brother, not having read Charlton Andrews's *Resources of Mycroft Holmes,* he appears right in every other particular. There is an especially delightful use of the name of the Great Escott which will, to collectors of Holmes trivia, give much of the game away, and why shouldn't it? There should be some rewards for scholarship.

And for nostalgia too. In *The Affair of the Blood-Stained Egg Cosy,* James Anderson takes us back to the 1930s, when spies flitted across Europe in pursuit of the Secret Plans. An unlikely group (which is to say, quite likely given the conventions of the form) is assembled for a country weekend at the Sussex home of the 12th Earl of Burford. An international spy is known to be in their midst. There is a foppish young man who may not be all that he seems, an American gun collector who speaks a form of American English known only to Agatha Christie and her imitators, and a beautiful French baroness. It all sounds quite cloying, and likely to make one race for one of the books so nicely annotated by Robert B. Harmon and Margaret A. Burger in their guide to Dorothy L. Sayers, and yet it comes off extremely well. This is what used to be called a "jolly good read," all clever talk and no sex, with a satisfying mystery in the end and a number of clever set pieces along the path. One might even call it "a joyous read."

Not so our last two candidates for the nostalgic award. Julian Symons has introduced *Classic Crimes,* sub-titled *A Selection from the works of William Roughead,* and dour reading it all makes. Roughead reconstructed actual murders for true crime addicts in the 1920s and '30s, and his material makes for solid fare. And Thomas Gavin cannot be happy to have his perfectly acceptable *King Kill* appear just as Carr's *Crooked Hinge* has been brought back, for it turns on precisely the same piece of historical reconstruction that formed the centerpiece of Carr's conceit. Gavin's book is too long, and he doesn't write well, but his central figure—an automaton chess player—receives more justice from his hand than from Carr's, and he has done a closer piece of research on Johann Maelzel than either Carr or Briney did.

Of course all has not been nostalgia

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these few months either. Charlie Haas and Tim Hunter, in *The Soul Hit*, have written a short, pungent mystery about the record business. The mystery is thin, and no one is very appealing (although the authors feel otherwise), but there is obvious talent at work. The same is true of *The Diehard*, by Jon A. Jackson, which is unpleasant—there is an unnecessarily brutal accounting of the murder of a woman in her bath for starters—but the Detroit setting, and the slow development of the character of Detective Sergeant Mulheisen, make him good for an air journey. So is Rex Burns's *The Farnsworth Score*, which sends Detective Gabriel Wager, a Chicano on the Denver police force, under cover in pursuit of illegal guns and drugs. J.J. Marric's last book, *Gideon's Drive*, which lets us see Commander Gideon's wife, Kate, in an unhappy frame of mind, also shows the same straightforward competence. These are professional writers who aspire to entertain, and little more, and do their job well.

Two writers who seem to me not to entertain, and whose faithful followers I have yet to understand, are Josephine Bell and Collin Wilcox. Both are represented by typical entries in the boredom sweepstakes. Wilcox's *Doctor, Lawyer . . . .*, is intermittently interesting, but he does little to capitalize on his San Francisco settings and he seems unable to decide whether he is writing a genuine mystery or a police procedural. Bell's *Trouble in Hunter Ward* holds a perverse fascination, for one increasingly believes that the author must intend some surprise at the end that will account for all of the heavy misdirection, pointless conversation, and anti-union malice that fill this inquiry into a death in a hospital. But the conclusion is as banal as one fears.

Two books that are not banal, merely trite, are *The Secret of Fire 5* by Jack Olsen, meant to be Archie Bunker-funny no doubt, a Catch-22 of life in a fire-fighting unit under the command of a Captain Queeg (a fat lady stuck in a bath tub is representative of the sit-com that drips from the pages); and *Schroeder's Game*, by Arthur Maling. This last has to do with a complicated swindle growing out of central billing procedures for hospitals, and its premise is an intriguing one, but since the mystification survives to page 204 only by every person in the book behaving as stupidly as possible, one cannot take it very seriously.

But no quarterly report to the investors should end on a carping note. Happy to say, there is a new Dick Francis: *In the Frame*. This time the skullduggery is about paintings of horses rather than the horses themselves, and much of the action is in Australia, and unhappy to say, the effect isn't up to the usual Francis standards. Still, an underpar Francis is well above the best of our journeymen writers. And there is promise of a new Ambler, a new Household, a new Innes just around the corner. Summer is nearly upon us: the "gladsome light" of which Edward Coke promised us.

Correspondence, *from page 7*

movement, for all the horrors of witch-hunting, Morton Kondracke cannot really take gay rights seriously. If the bigots win, the mild TV statements of Miss Bryant will certainly yield to the violent rally outcries Kondracke also cites. The article labors hard to be sympathetic to gays, but this fundamental anti-gay point remains: No one cares if these people get squashed.

Paul C. Zimmermann
Berkeley, California

Reactor education

To the editors:

It is fascinating to watch a columnist of the stature of TRB gradually learn some of the facts of life about nuclear reactor technology. His first column (May 7) presented little more than the fashionable Luddite hatred of technology, with ominous reminders of Hiroshima, hardly a suitable basis for planning the future.

However the second TRB column (May 14) already recognizes the inevitability of the large-scale construction of conventional water-moderated power reactors. Thank goodness. Because the compelling fact is that with all due conservation and a more modest US lifestyle, a peaceful future still requires world access to major new sources of energy.

Democratic control of the new technology must require educated understanding by large sections of the public. Thoughtful reporters can help lead the way. In this regard, may I remind you of the excellent *New Republic* articles by Ralph Lapp some years ago?

Norman Austern
University of Washington

TRB, *from page 2*

lus to the economy. His tax measure the other day, for simplification-and-reduction, cuts about five billion dollars a year in taxes from those with low- and middle-class incomes. They will have that much more to spend. His top economic adviser, Charles Schultze, a certified liberal, worked out an ambitious stimulus package, including a $11.4 billion tax rebate, at the start of the administration. Now Schultze has been vetoed. The budget deficit has been running about $60 billion but the President wants to cut it down to $45 billion; in fact to balance the budget by 1981.

House majority leader Jim Wright of Texas gave a breakfast group a rule-of-thumb figure the other day—for every one percent of unemployment, $16 billion is added to the budget. It works the other way, too; if unemployment comes down a point the cost of unemployment and relief falls drastically. Since last fall unemployment has fallen from eight to seven percent, and economist Schultze hopes it will decline another one and a quarter points this year, even without pump-priming.

Sometimes in his speeches Jimmy Carter sounds like Jerry Ford, sometimes he sounds like Franklin Roosevelt, sometimes he sounds like both together. He told a press conference that the rate of inflation is "directly tied to the degree of responsibility of the federal government in handling excessive spending." He told the United Automobile Workers convention that "it's not legitimate spending on human needs that causes our deficits." It all depends on the tone of voice in which you say "spending."

When all is said and done, however, Jimmy Carter has heaped vital programs on Congress—tax, energy, social security, welfare, public works and many others—more than they can handle. Legislative mastication is underway. There are disagreements; there may be vetoes. On the whole, prospects are good for constructive results.

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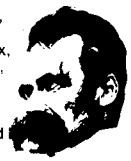

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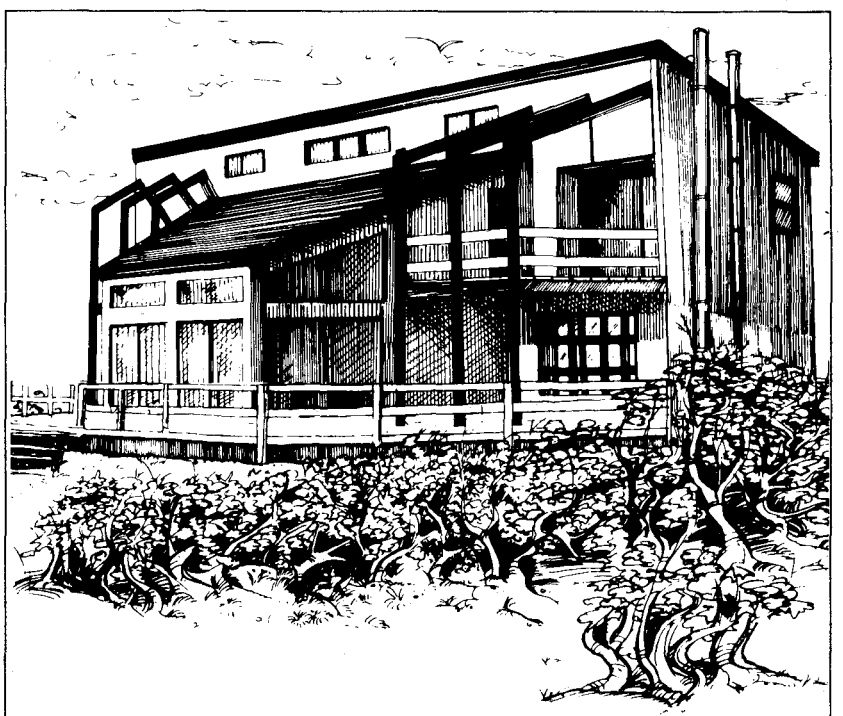

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Washington Diarist

The Usual Suspects

Something of the transparency of Washington life has come through in the saga of the *Washington Journalism Review*, the brainchild of two local entrepreneurs in their mid-20s. Neither has any particular experience in journalism, but one of them assured the *Washington Post* that they both watch television and read newspapers and magazines—giving them, needless to say, a unique perspective. The Washington 'media' community is onanistic enough that there is no need for any such publication, but any reservations they may have had along these lines have not stopped the usual names from pasting themselves to the masthead in their advisory capacities: Martin Agronsky, Sander Vanocur, Frank Mankiewicz, Nicholas Von Hoffmann, etc., etc., all of them sufficiently devoid of ideas and now satisfied to talk about their real interest—themselves. The publication is not due to appear until the fall, but already there has been a fundraising party given by the Smith Bagleys, a wealthy young southern couple with ties to Jimmy Carter who have settled in town, apparently for the exclusive purpose of giving parties in support of any cause, appeal, art museum, whimsy or notion that will get them the attention necessary to make their *salon* credible. The flagrance of their enterprise is matched only by its success. Does anyone in Washington even turn down an invitation? Their fête in honor of the *Washington Journalism Review* managed to bag most of the usual elements of a party destined to make the papers: members of Congress, a cabinet member, Averell Harriman, a Jimmy Carter factotum, Shirley MacLaine. Only a couple personages seemed to be missing: Henry Kissinger, and that dazzling new jewel on the local social scene, Elizabeth Taylor (now married to a local pol). It strikes no one as odd that the two confidence players of the *WJR* are likely soon to dissolve into the obscurity whence they came, having in the meantime held chic Washington in their thrall. This is remarkably similar to the old undergraduate trick of dressing your friends up and passing yourself off to credulous reporters as the visiting Emperor of Abyssinia and his court. Perhaps these two do have some insights into the workings of the press after all.

Sir Peter Ramsbotham has been a popular and effective ambassador from Great Britain these past few years, and so it was with mixed emotions that I learned he is to be named Governor-General of Bermuda, and succeeded here by Peter Jay, economics editor of *The Times*, and son-in-law of Prime Minister Callaghan. Jay is young, glib and full of offhand remedies for clearing away the cobwebs around British institutions. He was named largely because it was thought he would fit in nicely with the Carter administration. I am not so sure. He is an Englishman's idea of what Americans will like. In fact, we tend to prefer the opposite. We expect the British ambassador to be in late middle age, wear a monocle and bowler hat, speak with a port-wine Etonian accent and generally play the role. Who needs an Anglicized Les Aspin? It is not surprising that Lord Halifax, politically redundant in his homeland, was the most popular ambassador of the century. The British have tried journalists on us before. A few years ago John Freeman, former editor of the *New Statesman*, was sandwiched between two gentlemen of the old school—Sir Patrick Dean and the Earl of Cromer—and he scarcely made the grade. Harold Wilson sent him along in the expectation of Hubert Humphrey's election to the White House, and he was particularly out of place in Nixon's Washington. Mrs. Freeman even took the desperate measure of hiring a rock band to entertain at embassy parties. It did not work.

It was heartening to see Vice President Fritz Mondale and UN ambassador Andy Young tell South African premier John Vorster to watch his step, or Uncle Sam would crack him in the puss (apologies to Richard Nixon). I can well imagine the South African ambassador to the UN touring America, meeting with Klansmen and demanding reparations for the Indians. As for Fritz, he has proved to be a standard wax dummy vice president. It was interesting to see him read Vorster the riot act about apartheid, at the behest of a master who comes from a state that had colored drinking fountains a decade ago, and may have them still.

It seems that with every disco that opens another Washington bookstore closes its doors. Years ago Washington may have been a sleepy southern town, but it certainly had some good bookstores, almost all of which are now gone. Lowdermilk's, the Central, Goldberg's, George Friend's—all long since departed, leaving a void that has never really been filled. The Salvation Army used to have a treasure trove down near the Capitol, but its stock has been almost utterly depleted and is now overrun with that weed so familiar to second-hand connoisseurs, *Reader's Digest* condensed books. The Savile in Georgetown once advertised itself as one of the best-stocked in the world, but it is a shadow of its former self, staffed exclusively, or so it seems, by loutish Georgetown University students who look at you blankly until you mention Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., or guides to organic vegetable gardening. The transplanted Texas novelist Larry McMurtry has a popular emporium in Georgetown called, in appropriate style, Booked Up; but it caters largely to people who don't read, who like picturesque leather binding, and who are happy to pay prices that would stay the checkbook of a Rockefeller. There is one notable survivor, however: Mrs. Reifsneider of the Park-Reifsneider Antiquarian Book Gallery and Museum. Located a tantalizing half-block from the offices of *The New Republic*, it is the downfall of many a lunch hour. I sometimes turn the corner among the shelves and find a *TNR* colleague hunched down in the stacks getting his fix. Mrs. Reifsneider is now confined to a wheelchair, but she can still offer a lengthy description of any of her thousands of volumes, and will remember as you walk through the door that you inquired some months before after Hooker's *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*. After her, the deluge.

P.T.

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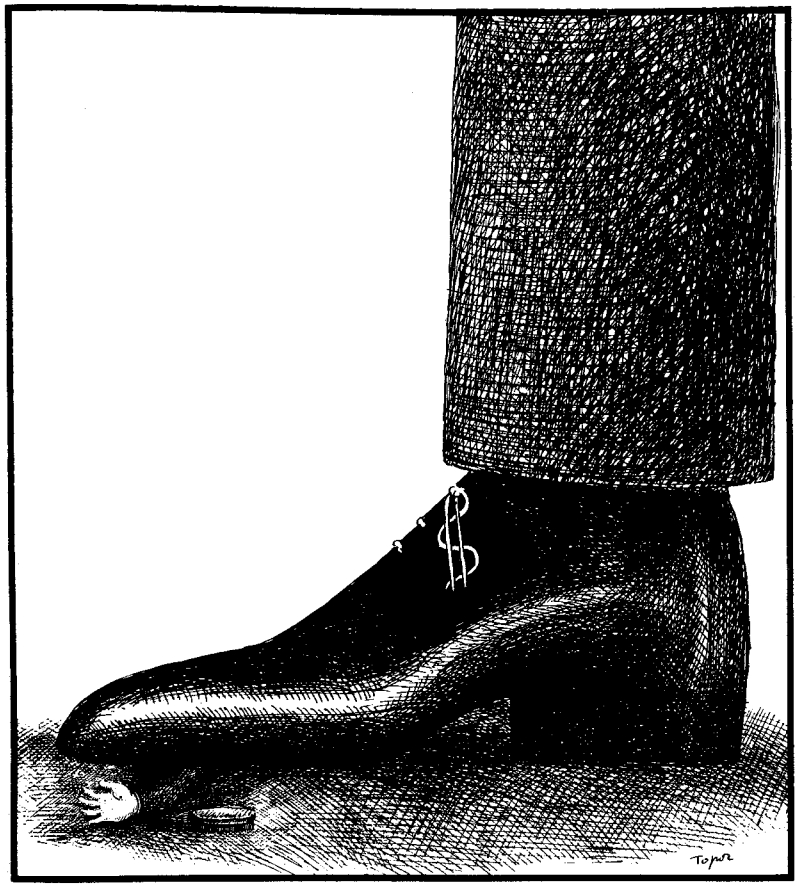

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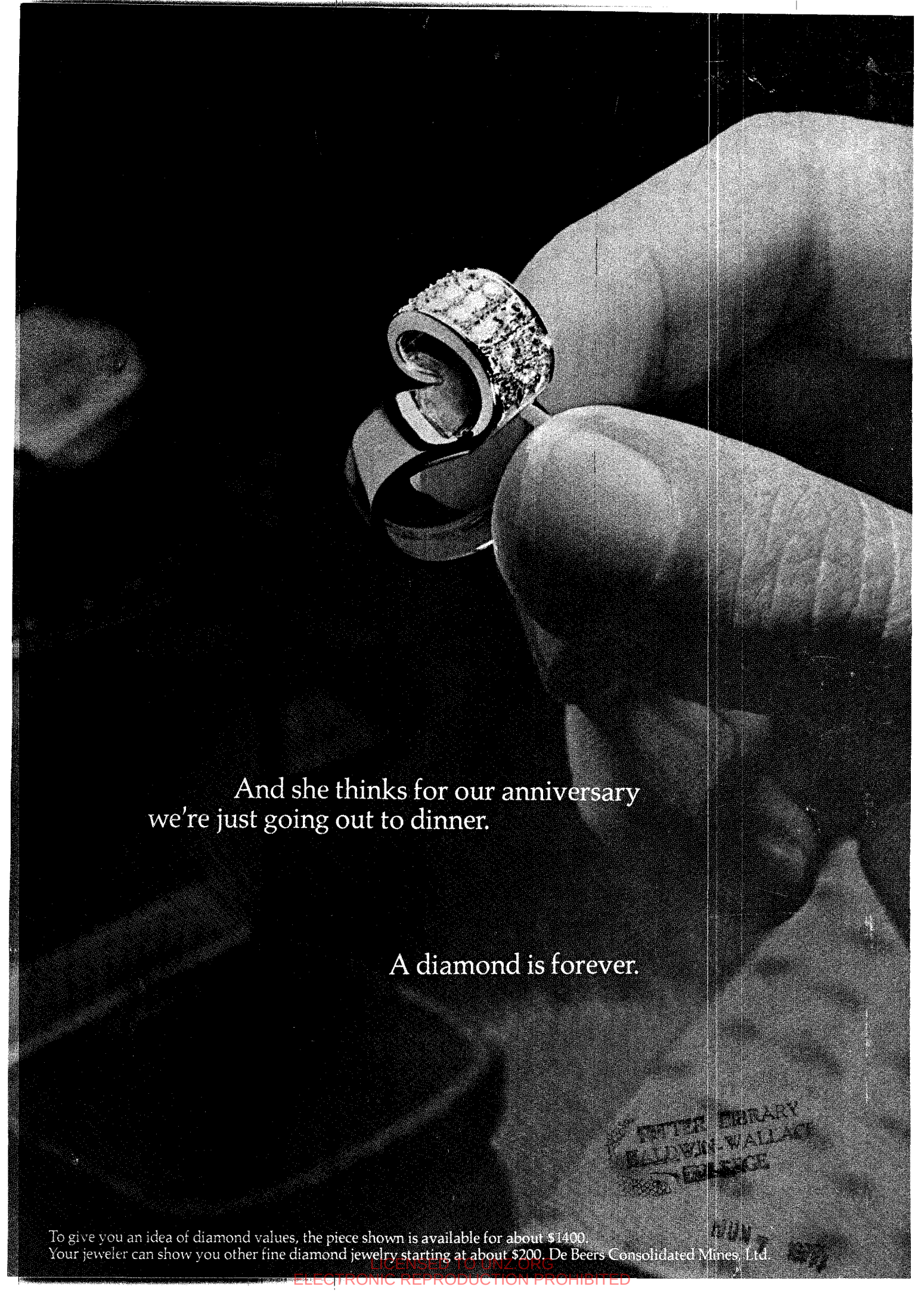

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